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NATIONAL REVIEW

MARGARET THATCHER: Why America Must Stay #1

Special Defense and Technology Issue

Britain's Tories: The Turkeys Vote For Christmas

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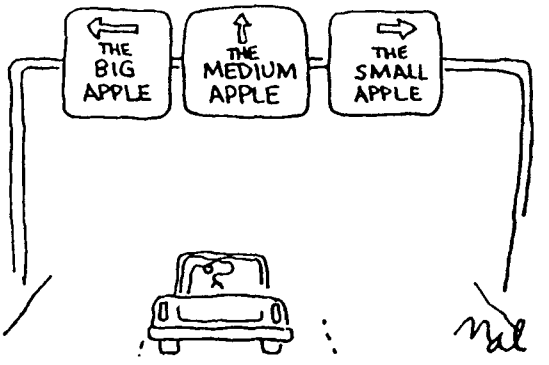
NATIONAL REVIEW

JULY 31, 1995 VOL. XLVII, NO. 14



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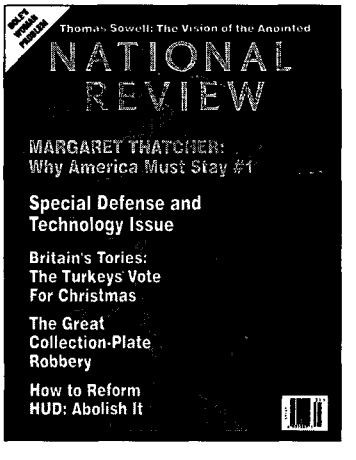
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LETTERS

Just Say Yes?

In "Legalizing Drugs: Just Say Yes" [July 10], *NR* asked of Michael S. Gazzaniga: "So you are saying that potential drug users are not all that sensitive to the threat of legal sanctions?" Dr. Gazzaniga replied: "Yes. Dozens of studies say exactly that."

But in Spain, for example, under the Franco regime, the penalties for possession of any amount of illegal drugs were so severe that there was virtually no use of such drugs by the Spanish people. In 1982, after Franco died, the penalties for drug infractions were greatly reduced and possession for personal use was decriminalized. Four years later, the *Chicago Tribune* decided to discover what had happened as a result. The Madrid police told the reporters they believed there were 100,000 heroin addicts in Spain, 30,000 of them in Madrid. Crime had skyrocketed during the four years, 75 per cent of it drug related.

Dr. Gazzaniga should also check out the past records of Japan and Turkey in restricting drug use through legal penalties and, of course, the current policies of some Arab countries.

John A. Howard
The Rockford Institute
Rockford, Ill.

Dr. Gazzaniga has it right, as anyone who lived through alcohol prohibition knows. That time politicians came to their senses in 13 years. The present crop isn't that smart. The idiocy of drug prohibition continues.

W. M. Buescher
Pigeon Forge, Tenn.

Questions of Anti-Semitism

We are disappointed by Richard John Neuhaus's intemperate and false assertion that anti-Semitism is "kept alive by institutions such as the Anti-Defamation League" ["Anti-Semitism and Our Common Future," July 10].

Father Neuhaus apparently believes that ADL manipulates the fears of Jews. He says, "[ADL] has an institutional need for a steady supply of anti-Semitism. Its fundraising depends on it." This notion does more than unfairly impugn ADL; it diminishes the significance of anti-Semitism. He notes that anti-Jewish feelings in the U.S. have clearly declined. ADL, in a widely reported 1992 survey, also stated—apparently counter to our fundraising needs—that "the vast majority of Americans reject most anti-Jewish stereotypes." However, our survey also indicated that 35 to 40 million adult Americans hold views that are unquestionably anti-Semitic: 35 per cent of those surveyed believe Jews are more loyal to Israel than to America; 31 per cent feel Jews have too much power. We presume Father Neuhaus would agree that these figures are cause for concern.

And while Father Neuhaus relegates anti-Semitism to "fringe groups such as Aryan Nation" and "racist skinheads," the Oklahoma City bombing has taught us that fringe groups, whether anti-Semitic or otherwise, need to be taken seriously.

Not that anti-Semitism resides only on the fringe. What of Louis Farrakhan, whose language and views have achieved an alarming legitimacy in the black community? What of the prominence of Republican presidential candidate Pat Buchanan, whose career includes a long record of hostility toward Jews? ADL fundraisers did not invent Farrakhan, Buchanan, fringe groups, nor the findings of its 1992 survey. Pogroms may not be imminent, but—especially in a culture that continues to legitimize intolerance—many American Jews have some anxiety about anti-Semtisim, because it exists.

ADL tries to make sense of, analyze, and counter anti-Semitism and extremism. Our credibility rests partly on that fact that we have frequently decried charges of anti-Semitism we found false or inflated. To suggest that we promote bigotry does us—and *NR* readers—a disservice.

Abraham H. Foxman
National Director, ADL
New York, N.Y.

Yes, as I repeatedly said in my article, anti-Semitism is a legitimate and urgent cause of concern, for both Christians and Jews. For a somewhat different interpretation of the 1992 survey, see First Things, *March 1993. While Pat Buchanan has criticized, wrongheadedly in my view, the influence of Jewish lobbyists on U.S. foreign policy, it is simply false to say his "career includes a long record of hostility toward Jews." Regarding the "credibility" of ADL, it was not aided by the publication of a strident book attacking "the religious Right" this past year, a book that was vigorously protested by many prominent American Jews. It should be noted that after meeting with the Christian Coalition and others, ADL has been more temperate in its public statements about politically conservative Christians. While it is good to know that ADL has "frequently decried charges of anti-Semitism [it] found false or inflated," it is most regrettable that, although it was asked, it did not do so in the case of Human Life International (HLI), an instance discussed in my article. At HLI's April convention in Montreal, hundreds of screaming protesters accused it of anti-Semitism, as did B'nai Brith of Canada in a media campaign leading up to the convention. Far from decrying this false charge, ADL issued a press release commending criticism of HLI. By not making false and inflated charges, and by publicly challenging those who do, ADL can help Jews and Christians alike to oppose the unspeakable evil of anti-Semitism.*

—RJN

To Live and Die

In reference to "Death, Be Not Proud" [June 26] by Robert P. George and William C. Porth Jr.: If medical science can prolong life, why can't it give relief by terminating it?

Jack Williams
Governor of Arizona 1967–1975
Phoenix, Ariz.

With respect to instances predating the birth of Christ condemning suicide, do you think the Hippocratic Oath might be relevant? ". . . I will give no deadly medicine to anyone if asked, nor suggest any such counsel . . ."

Neil J. O'Brien
Dallas, Tex.

Pump It Up

I greatly enjoyed Richard Brookhiser's "Pumping Iron—Politely" [June 26]. One thing you won't find a lot of at the yuppie gym is help. At the gym of the hulks there is a sense of camaraderie, the team spirit you would find amidst any true athletes. Ask anything, from what difference it makes to bend your wrist while doing curls to what else to mix with tuna besides mayonnaise, and you will get first-hand knowledge. And people welcome the opportunity to share information. Remember when your teacher told you there were no stupid questions? Here, it is true.

Cynthia Maller
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Editor's note: Letters of 300 words or fewer have a greater chance of being published.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Works in Progress

■ With this issue, NATIONAL REVIEW appears in a splendid new design—the work of our talented art director, Luba Kolomytseva. We hope that readers find it easy on the eye and enticing to read.

But further improvements will doubtless occur to Mrs. Kolomytseva after publication. And we are always attentive to suggestions from readers. Consider it a work in progress.

■ Exactly five years ago—the last time that flag-burning was a political issue—I wrote on this page: ". . . [a] constitutional amendment would paradoxically make the flag a symbol of national disunity and partisan passions over two long years. It would be better perhaps to allow the odious antics of a few America-haters to remind the other 247 million Americans of the fundamental patriotism that unites them."

I am inclined to be even more liberal today. There has been little flag-burning in the last five years—perhaps because the "odious antics of a few America-haters" *have* reminded the other 247 million Americans of the fundamental patriotism that unites them. Certainly the election results suggest so.

More significantly, if expressive actions are a form of speech protected by the First Amendment, then common sense suggests that flag-burning is indeed closer to the political speech the Founding Fathers thought they were protecting than expressive actions such as nude dancing.

Of course, I do not grant that expressive actions *are* constitutionally protected speech. But since I seem to have lost that battle, let me exploit my defeat.

If flag-burning is protected by the First Amendment, so surely are cigar- and cigarette-burning. They clearly express hostility to the puritan regulation of our pleasures by a politically correct New Class of bureaucrats.

This argument seems stronger if the smoker is a non-smoker because his motives are presumably less mixed. The smoker might be smoking for enjoyment rather than for protest. But such an objection is easily countered: the right to free speech has never been invalidated on the grounds that the speaker liked the sound of his own voice (though, come to think of it . . .).

So, light up. You are employing your constitutional right to free speech—and don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

■ O'Sullivan's Law—"An organization that is not explicitly right-wing will become left-wing over time"—continues to be confirmed by reality.

The latest organization to illustrate it is Action for Children's Television. Back in 1971, ACT asked the Federal Communications Commission to exercise greater control over television programming because (among other reasons) "parents, no matter how attentive, sincere, or knowledgeable, are not in a position to really exercise effective control" over what programs their children see.

By 1987, 1990, and 1994, however, ACT was leading the charge in challenging FCC bans on the late-evening broadcasting of indecent programs. It now took the view that children were at home during those hours and parents were able to supervise their TV fare.

Lights! Camera! Inaction!

■ Friends are pressing me to run for President, but I am as yet undecided.

They argue, very plausibly, that with Jack Kemp sitting this one out, no candidate represents the upbeat, optimistic, generous-hearted spirit of the modern Republican Party. That I possess these qualities almost to excess will be confirmed by my bankers. On the other hand, February in New Hampshire is extremely cold, and I do not ski.

The choice is a finely balanced one. I shall ponder my options through the summer, exploring the national mood through the pages of the *Manchester Union-Leader* and working on the problem of how it is that taxes always seem to rise even when they fall.

Come Labor Day, I shall either announce for President, or not, as the mood takes me. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Are House Democrats in a self-destruct mode? First came resignations by Reps. **Billy Tauzin** (D., La.), **Mike Parker** (D., Miss.), **Jimmy Hayes** (D., La.), and **Greg Laughlin** (D., Tex.), from Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee after it issued document by House Whip **David Bonior** (D., Mich.) attacking their position on Clean Water Act. A week later, Laughlin and 18 other Texas officials formally switched to GOP. (Number of such switches since **Bill Clinton** took office: 105.) . . . *Time* magazine reports congressional Democrats say "Clinton has all but abandoned them on central issues" and that "more defections are probably coming" in House. "My guess would be a half dozen more will probably make the change before the snows of next winter melt," says **Newt Gingrich**'s press secretary, super-savvy **Tony Blankley**. . . . *Business Week* reports that GOP strategists looking toward '96 "think they can pick up 20 more House seats to pad their current 232 to 202 edge." Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee Chairman **Martin Frost** (D., Tex.) admits "as many as 50 Democratic seats remain in play." . . . All this has mood turning nasty in House Democratic caucus. Queried whether he will leave his party soon, Tauzin says: "I haven't been in the party for years." . . . "The Democratic what?" asked Rep. **Charles Rangel** (D., N.Y.), when asked how Democratic leadership is doing. Rep. **Bill Richardson** (D., N.M.) turned reflective: "I think that for the morale of our troops we need some victories."

■ Clinton's latest political make-over proceeding quickly as one-time GOP consultant **Richard Morris** elbows more liberal White House aides out of the way and gets Prez to return to his old "middle class" themes. GOP pollster **Alex Castellanos** sees the logic here: "They're trying to move from something Bill Clinton's not very good at, which is being President." . . . GOP staffers doing negative research for '96 race are filling quivers as frustrated Democrats pop off at Prez. "He is driven by polls and not conviction," says **Jesse Jackson**. And Sen. **Ernest Hollings** (D., S.C.): "He's one of the most inadequate Presidents we've ever had, but one of the best campaigners." Meanwhile, only 36 per cent of Arkansas voters now say they would vote to re-elect Bill Clinton. . . . On GOP presidential side, *Washington Post*'s **Bob Woodward** told CNN talk-show host **Larry King** that former Tennessee Gov. **Lamar Alexander** "has a very good campaign organization. I've spent lots of time on it. Don't write him off." And *Forbes* magazine publisher **Steve Forbes** —pushed hard by some conservatives to get in race—says he would run as pro-life candidate but will not make decision until September.

■ TV producer **Dick Wolfe**, who shoehorns politically correct sermonettes and plugs for agenda of super-rich Hollywood liberals into plots of NBC's *Law and Order*, says recent criticisms of TV sex and violence are just "pigeon flutterrings" that will have little effect. . . . *New York Times* columnist **Frank Rich** complains U.S. astronauts portrayed in movie *Apollo 13* appear as "the embalmed heroes of nostalgia." But newly syndicated columnist (and *NR* alumna) **Maggie Gallagher** sees movie as a "blast of cold, fresh, invigorating air, blowing away the alienation, the self-doubt, the chronic whining" of cultural liberals like Rich.

"The lawyers will be making their rounds shortly."

■ English Tories who voted to keep PM **John Major** party leader in face of **Thatcher**ite challenge by **John Redwood** will eventually go down to electoral defeat, says London *Sun*: "The turkeys voted for Christmas . . . they'll get a damned good stuffing." . . . Even retiring Foreign Secretary **Douglas Hurd** is now backing off idea of a federal Europe. . . . Setting off protests in France by overturning a 20-year-old law legalizing abortion, Judge **Thierry Denervoix de Bonnefond de Lavialle** has declared the fetus "a future human being, already alive." . . . Attending dedication of huge new mosque in Rome, **Francesco** Cardinal **Colasuonno**, papal nuncio to Italy, called on Saudi Arabia to permit equal rights for resident Christians. . . . Israel police commissioner **Assaf Hefetz** says Russian mafia has invested $4 billion in Israel in last few years, and may have been responsible for contract killing there in May. . . . *Washington Times* reporter **Ben Barker** says that threat of trade sanctions proposed by Sen. **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.) has forced Colombia to step up anti-drug efforts, including recent arrest of Cali cartel kingpin, **Gilberto Rodriguez Orejuela**. . . . With more than 2,000 lingerie shops (as against 1,460 grocery stores) in Buenos Aires, Argentinian women "spend two or three times more on underwear than their counterparts worldwide," according to *New York Times* dispatch from **Calvin Sims**. . . . More Cold War codas. Classified ad in *New York Times*—"Russian Space Shuttle. Perfect orig. cond. All paperwork in order. Government clearance obtained"—was for real. Russian-born Riverdale businessman **Victor Rylkov** placed ad and says asking price is "$5 to $10 million each" for two unused shuttles from former USSR.

■ Tough Arizona sheriff **Joe Arpaio**, who has moved prison inmates to tents in the desert, is also revising their TV fare. Shows with sex and violence are out—replaced by Lassie, Donald Duck, and Newt Gingrich's 10-part video series, *Renewing American Civilization*. Biggest hit so far with convicts is **Disney**'s *Old Yeller* because—speculates Arpaio, a non-**Rousseau**ian—"that's where they killed the dog." —OCD

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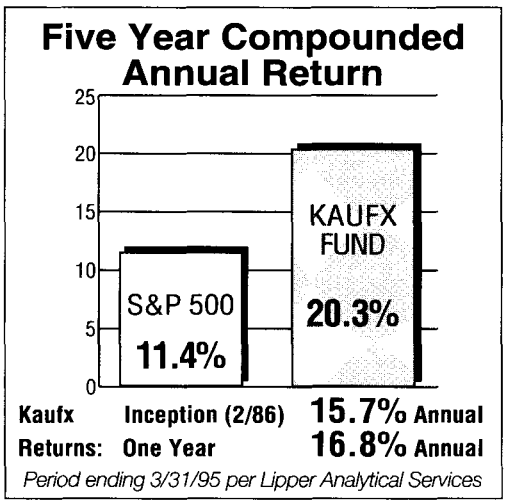

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THE WEEK

■ A Kansas judge has given permission to exhume the remains of Jesse James. First Zachary Taylor, then John Wilkes Booth, now James. They'll be going for Al Gore next.

■ If good things come to those who wait, the Republican assault on affirmative action will be something to behold. A bill to ban preferences in federal hiring and contracting is said to be forthcoming from Representative Charles Canady (R., Fla.) and, more importantly, Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole. But it was supposed to be forthcoming before—namely in late June, until Dole abruptly canceled the press conference he had called to announce his bill. Behind some of the GOP skittishness is the idea that large numbers of minority voters are on the verge of joining the GOP ("We are very close to a major breakthrough with black voters," one House leadership aide explained to the Washington Times), and that attacking affirmative action will alienate them. Maybe. And maybe not—polls have always shown large numbers of black Americans opposed to racial quotas. But whatever the politics, abandoning race neutrality as a principle would be too high a price to pay for a breakthrough with anyone. Speaker Newt Gingrich says he understands this and pledged in a recent letter to the New York Times that it is his intention that "the final [GOP] policy reflect the historic American ideal that personal success and happiness are best achieved through individual liberty and equal justice under the law." We're waiting.

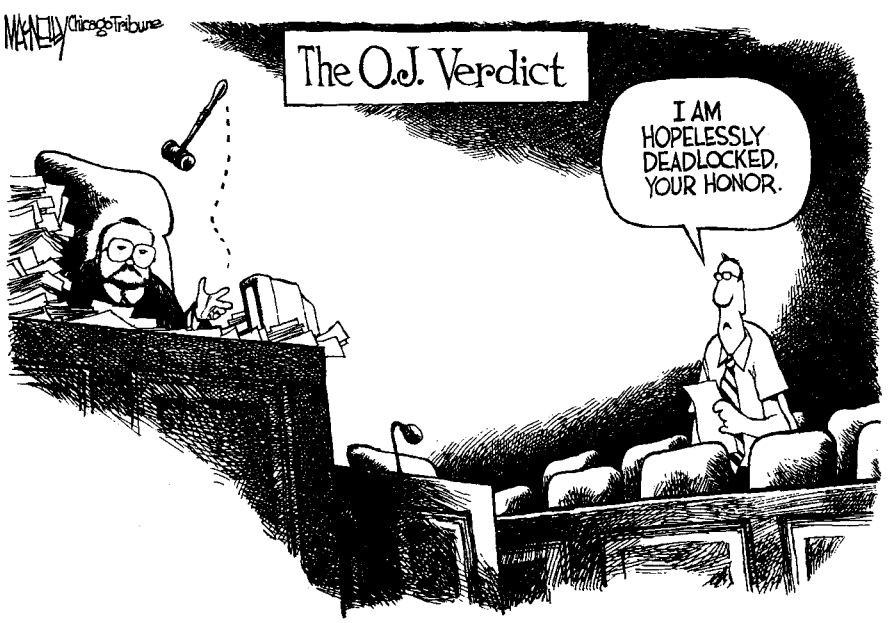
■ John Stuart Mill thought that recipients of government benefits shouldn't be allowed to vote—they're too self-interested. But should they lobby? Legislation proposed by GOP Representatives David McIntosh (Ind.), Ernest Istook (Okla.), and Bob Ehrlich (Md.) would prevent any organization that receives federal funds from spending more than 5 per cent of its non-federal income on political advocacy. Representative Bob Dornan (Calif.) goes further. He would cut off all tax-exempt advocacy groups like the American Association of Retired Persons from federal grants (in FY1994 the AARP got $73 billion in federal support). Meanwhile, neither charitable non-profits nor for-profit corporations could lobby on any matter related to any federal grants or contracts they receive. Both proposals hit the Left where it lives, so they're meeting outraged opposition on Capitol Hill—with innocuous groups such as the YMCA taking the lead. But something along Dornan/McIntosh lines is essential to short-circuit the self-perpetuating government machine in Washington. The last thing government should be subsidizing is efforts to make it larger.

■ Donors who pony up $100,000 for the Democratic Party will be rewarded with a dinner with President Clinton. Those donating $50,000 also get to eat with the President, but Hillary shows up.

■ William Bennett, in an interview with The New Yorker, discussed his fellow social conservative Pat Buchanan. "The worst place to stand in a fight is . . . as someone who was on his side but has now deviated by one step. It's a pathology of small differences with him. A real S&M kind of thing." Bennett then repeated charges that some of Buchanan's remarks have been "flirting with" fascism. "This Fortress America stuff, this You the People stuff—I think it's tricky." Tricky indeed, if it makes conservatives resort to left-wing arguments when they disagree. If slightly misquoting the Preamble to the Constitution is flirting with fascism, who is preoccupied with small differences? Mr. Bill wants clients who have been very bad.

■ Minority Leader Richard Gephardt, who submits his own versions of any promising Republican legislative initiatives, has come up with a truly Gephardtian "flat tax." It has five tax brackets, just like the present tax code. The brackets are progressive, also like the present code. The rich get soaked, also like . . . But the rates are, like, rounder numbers, or something. The only thing flat about the tax is how it will fall.

■ Until July 10, every cent that everyone in the coun-



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try earned was taxed away. Government at all levels takes 52 per cent of net national product. Only this week did we start holding on to what we earn. You may wish to keep these details in mind as you follow the debate in Washington, D.C., which is not about taking less, but about whether to slow the rate of taking more.

■ School choice is taking off in Milwaukee. For the last five years, an experimental program involving 800 children (1.5 per cent of the district's students) has distributed to their families vouchers worth $3,209 each, which can be applied to tuition at private nonsectarian schools in the city. Two weeks ago, the Wisconsin legislature approved Governor Thompson's request to expand the program. Allocated funds will increase from $2.4 million to $14.7 million; 7,000 students will be included, with an increase to 15,000 for the 1996–97 school year; and parents will be allowed to use the vouchers at religious schools. Naysayers dispute the benefits of the program, and tremble for the future of the public-school system. But consider: the program saves the state money (because private schools are almost all more efficient); parents are involved in the schools and report overwhelming satisfaction; and the quality of education is at least commensurate if not superior. RIP the public-education monopoly; long live public education.

■ As the debate over normalizing relations continues, the White House hasn't decided whether it would be better for President Clinton or the Democratic Party to make the first move toward the other.

■ John Major won his gamble and is still prime minister, but the balloting showed that at least a third of Tory MPs wished to be rid of him. Startling too, reports our London correspondent, Anthony Lejeune, was the near unanimity with which Conservative newspapers called for a new leader and new policies. The Majorettes now boast that their media foes were discomfited, although whether Gadarene swine should congratulate themselves on having brushed aside herdsmen crying "Stop!" seems doubtful. In the subsequent cabinet reshuffle Major's right-wing critics were excluded while Michael Heseltine, his potential challenger from the Left, was enthroned as deputy prime minister. And on policy Mr. Major has categorically refused to alter course. So the profound ideological split, over Britain's increasing absorption into the European Union and over its tax-and-spend policies, gapes as wide as ever. If the Conservatives had been defeated at the last election, they might now be undergoing a Republican-type revival. If they lose the next one (as, in the light of their present unpopularity, seems probable), something similar may happen. Mr. Major, meanwhile, proposes to fight on the soggy middle ground.

■ "Rapid Reaction Force Delayed"—headline, British Press Association, July 5.

■ Excited crowds gathered around newsstands as the July Fourth holiday approached, all asking the same question: Would the Wall Street Journal editorial page (Robert L. Bartley, proprietor) dare to repeat its call for a constitutional amendment proclaiming "There Shall Be Open Borders"? This high-water mark of loony libertarianism (apart from anything else, what about disease? welfare eligibility? education costs?) first appeared a few years ago and was repeated several times. It seemed intended as an instant July Fourth tradition. But it was conspicuously absent last year, perhaps because of the obvious imminent rout of immigration enthusiasts in California's Proposition 187 campaign. And the Journal blinked this year too. The disappointed crowds had to be content with an editorial extolling the virtues of skilled immigration. Which, of course, implicitly concedes NR's point that one of the ways in which the current system is fatally flawed is precisely that skilled immigration has been choked off by the misnamed "family reunification" provisions of the 1965 Immigration Act. The Journal says a Great Debate on immigration has begun, although the other side is notoriously absent from its pages. Not by Eastern Seaboard windows only, when daylight comes, comes in the light.

■ Hugh Grant became the Cary Grant/Fred Astaire of the Nineties by playing charming, diffident men who explicitly included bedding down in their badinage. In real life, he had lived for eight years with a beautiful model, reinforcing his image. Then in real life two vice cops caught him in a car performing a "lewd act" with a hooker. Has an illusion left us? That unregulated passion can somehow be confined to charming encounters? The difficulty of so confining it is why Cary and Fred's love interests always maneuvered them toward wedding rings—not that they would ever have been so crude as to propose doing without them.

■ Weighing the messy options, journalistic and ethical, the New York Times began printing the

There Goes California

McClellan Air Force Base, which got
The black spot from a faceless lot
Assigned to cut the bases back
While saving Washington from flak,
Leaves Mr. Clinton running like
A quadriplegic on a bike.

—W. H. von Dreele

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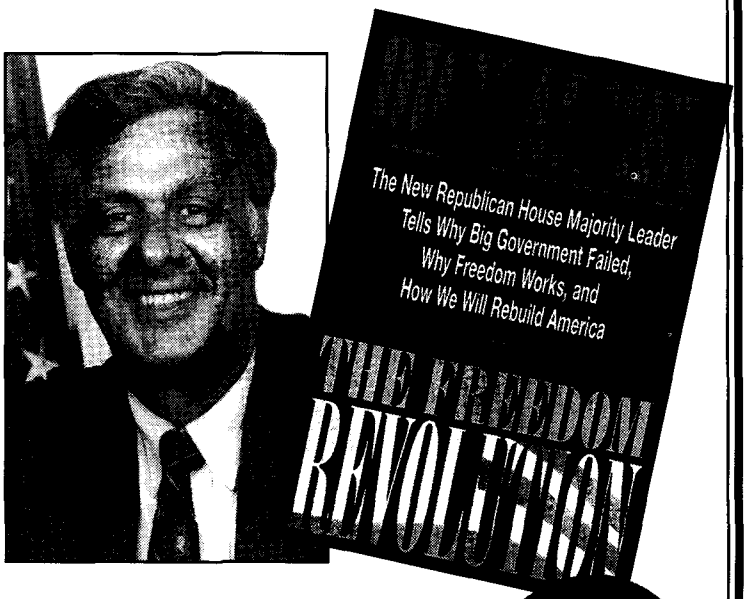
- *Free the economy* from arrogant federal regulators and "put all the little *potentates on the Potomac* in their place."
- *Social Security*? Hold government to the same standard as private investment funds.
- *ZERO tolerance for lawbreakers*, taking the profit out of crime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- "The politics of greed always comes wrapped in the language of love."
- "Compassion without understanding can be cruel."
- "You no longer have to be knowledgeable at all to be an expert. You just have to be 'concerned' or 'passionate.' . . . I will never forget the congressional hearing I once watched on agriculture policy. The witnesses: Jane Fonda, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek—on hand to share the knowledge they'd recently acquired playing farm women in movies. . . .
- "Republicans, haunted by the fear that the public will not understand, are reluctant to state their views bluntly. Democrats are always afraid the public will understand, so they distort information early and often."
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Unabomber's manifesto in 800-word installments, signed "Frank Rich."

■ Lord Thou Hast Delivered Our Enemies into Our Hands Department: The American Civil Liberties Union recently took out a four-page advertisement in The New Republic. Each page addresses a contentious issue and asserts that the American public agrees with the ACLU that organized school prayer is impolitic, that gays should have special legal recognition, that marijuana use should be legal, and that women should have the right to an abortion. At the bottom of the first three ad pages is the logo "The American Civil Liberties Union," underlined by the phrase "Live and Let Live," picked out in white on a bold black bar. However, on the final page—the one that defends abortion rights—the phrase "Live and Let Live" is somehow missing. Aborted, you might say.

■ Representative Patricia Schroeder (D., Colo.) says the attempt in the House to make partial-birth abortions a felony reminds her of the old days when women were persecuted as "witches." It's easy to see why Representative Schroeder took refuge in similes. The partial-birth abortion—in which a fetus more than five months old is pulled out of its mother feet first up to its neck and then has its brains suctioned out with a catheter to collapse the skull—is as grotesque as abortion gets. Perhaps the most striking report on the subject was a New York Times article which quoted an abortionist as saying that some mothers find partial-birth abortions comforting because afterward the body can be "dressed and held" to allow a chance to "say goodbye." All the debates about the medical nuances of this relatively unusual surgery (does the fetus die painfully during the suction process, or is it killed beforehand?) fade away beside the image of a nurse dressing the tiny, mutilated corpse in baby's clothing and handing it over to the mother for a "goodbye" kiss. This picture should bring instant revulsion to any human being whose brain hasn't been sucked out with a straw.

Theme Music

At Miss Reno's invitation
Special prosecutors hum,
Like a leitmotif from Wagner,
Their incessant tum-ta-tum,
As another Secretary
(Mr. Brown) defends a goof,
While the patrons start to wonder
If they're watching opera bouffe.

—W. H. VON DREELE

■ Elvis Presley told friends he saw Phil Gramm in a supermarket parking lot.

Keep America First

FOR planning to cut foreign aid and criticizing President Clinton's alleged foreign policy, Republicans in Congress have been labeled isolationists. The charge is unfair: the party remains committed to global leadership, a strong defense, and free trade. But it is true that the GOP majority shows little interest in foreign policy. When conservative think tanks hold seminars on foreign policy, Republican congressmen don't come. Foreign-policy issues gain their attention, as NAFTA and GATT did, only when they involve domestic politics. Party leaders have criticized aspects of Clintonism without advocating a coherent alternative. Perhaps most worrisome, it is the freshmen and sophomores, so exemplary in other respects, who most exhibit these tendencies. As a result, the party risks becoming operationally isolationist.

Disengagement from the world would be a policy disaster for America and a political mistake for Republicans. National lawmakers have a duty to attend to foreign affairs—defending the country from external menace is the first task of the Federal Government and indeed the principal justification for its existence. And while America faces no immediate threat from a great power, that is unlikely to be true for long, both because some threats are already emerging and because the current international climate is historically aberrant. For the United States to retreat from its global responsibilities would make deterioration more likely.

Republican self-interest also demands attention to foreign affairs. A reputation for seriousness on foreign policy has been a major asset for the party in national elections since at least the Seventies. In fairness to the GOP, foreign-policy intellectuals, conservatives included, have provided scant guidance since the Cold War ended. There has been no broad consensus on what American foreign policy should be; debates among them have been too unfocused even to sort them neatly into rival camps. It may be helpful, then, to identify some principles that foreign policy should follow. Above all—and it's a sad commentary on the confusion of American intellectuals that this should have to be stated explicitly—U.S. foreign policy must seek prudently to advance American interests abroad; the U.S. military is not a corps of armed social workers.

America's most important national interest is the maintenance of its position as the world's sole superpower. Only a hegemonic power is able to guarantee peace, stability, and freedom of commerce among major powers, and no country other than America can do the job. America must therefore remain the dominant partner in a strong Atlantic Alliance, as Lady

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THE TOP 10 REASONS TO COME ON NR'S 40TH ANNIVERSARY CRUISE

10. Possibility We May Invade Cuba. The National Review 40th Anniversary Cruise will take place this October 28th to November 4th, and will hit the exotic Eastern Caribbean ports of San Juan (where there's everything from the excitement of top-flight casinos to unsurpassed sight-seeing), St. Thomas (a shopping paradise), and St. Maarten (home to some of the world's most beautiful beaches). If the mood hits us, we'll swing by neighboring Cuba and give Fidel a scare.

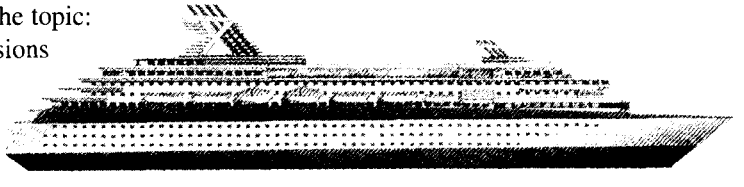
9. Ted Kennedy Will Not Be Driving. We'll be sailing aboard Celebrity Cruise's MV *Zenith*, a premier luxury ship featuring all the amenities and pampering service expected of one of the world's leading cruise lines.

8. More Food than Even Bill Clinton Can Eat. Will your appetite ever be tempted by our Cruise vittles. Take the *Zenith*'s five-star cuisine rating, add in the fact that delectable meals and snacks are available throughout the day, throw in complimentary 24-hour room service, and you've got yourself a floating gourmet's paradise. Of course, you can make up for all the fine dining by paying a visit to the *Zenith*'s well-appointed Olympic Health Club.

7. Chance to Live It Up for a Week Like Ron Brown. We've got amenities that would make our Commerce Secretary drool: a luxury cruise where you can do whatever you want. So come to some or all *NR* events, or nap the afternoon away in a deck lounge chair, or try your luck in the Mayfair Casino, or relax in a steamy sauna, or enjoy the Broadway-style entertainment in the Celebrity Show Lounge, or soothe those tensions away with a massage, or do a belly-flop in the Marina Deck pool.

6. Event Ruled "Politically Incorrect" by FDA. The 40th Anniversary Cruise will feature three exclusive gala cocktail bashes, two evening "smokers" (the menu: fine cigars and liquors) and an afternoon champagne reception. We've been told such stuff is politically incorrect—and in defiance of FDA regulations. In other words, relax, bend an elbow, light up, and enjoy yourself for once.

5. Pat Schroeder Jokes Required Beyond Three-Mile Limit. Don't worry, we've rigged it so that, once we reach international waters, you won't have to endure leftist babble. Indeed, we're throwing three exclusive, strictly *conservative* get-togethers with the editors of *NR*: they include a speech from Bill Buckley, a special mock "Firing Line" hosted by Bill, and a political panel discussion (the topic: What'll Happen in '96) with *NR* editors. And of course, all sessions will allow for ample Q&A.



4. Arlen Specter Is Not Coming. Judge Robert Bork will be *National Review*'s special guest. Need we say more?

3. Costs Less Than One HillaryCare Payment. Here's what you get on *NR*'s 40th Anniversary Cruise Celebration: seven days and nights in a spacious, gracious luxury stateroom, all entertainment and meals, transfers, taxes, gratuities, port charges, and admittance to all *National Review* functions. The cost: as little as $1,975 per person (which is far less then one HillaryCare payment would have run you)! Plus you'll receive a $100 per person discount if you book your cabin before Labor Day!

2. No O.J. Here's an really different way to escape from the "Trial of the Century," by hanging around with John O'Sullivan, Ed Capano, Rick Brookhiser, Peter Rodman, Dusty Rhodes, Kate O'Beirne, and a host of other *NR* luminaries. Shmooze with 'em, comment on their clothing, as well as their opinions. And heck, while you're at it, why not ask them to buy you a drink!

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Thatcher and Peter Rodman explain in this issue. The emergence of an anti-American, protectionist European Union poses the main threat to that alliance. It is a threat to which American foreign-policy elites have been peculiarly blind, although America's traditional encouragement of ever-tighter European integration has recently been questioned by some of the shrewder establishment voices, such as Henry Kissinger and *Foreign Affairs*. While our power to affect intra-European debates is limited, we can take steps to promote a renewed commitment to transatlanticism. Specifically, we should push for a North Atlantic Free Trade Area comprising the U.S., Canada, the EU, and Central Europe; reinvigorate NATO and enlarge it to include Central Europe; keep an eye on Russian revanchist tendencies; and stop gratuitously snubbing our traditional allies in Europe.

We can lower the likelihood that we will need to intervene abroad by maintaining regional balances of power (where possible, that is: no balance of power can exist in Europe without a substantial American presence). That task will in coming years be especially pressing, and difficult, in Asia, where India, China, Russia, and Japan—not to mention lesser neighbors—can be expected to jostle one another.

Preventing the proliferation of nuclear weapons is widely recognized as an important American interest. Less widely acknowledged is the futility of pursuing it in an international atmosphere of pervasive insecurity. Security guarantees, backed by a willingness to use force, are the indispensable underpinning of any regime of non-proliferation.

Last and most important, no foreign policy can be credible without a strong defense. Military strength takes on added importance when foreign policy has been as feckless as ours has been recently: Clinton's North Korea policy, for instance, has made strategic defense all the more imperative.

Taken together, these recommendations amount to a foreign-policy agenda that rejects both President Clinton's multilateralism and Pat Buchanan's neo-isolationism in favor of assertive leadership to Keep America First. They do not, of course, supply the appropriate course of action in every case. Foreign policy cannot be prescribed in advance in any detail, for it must always adjust to the circumstances and exigencies of the moment. That is why America still needs statesmen. Republicans won't be able to do the job until they widen their field of vision.

Zero to Forever

EARLIER this year Republicans talked boldly of "zeroing out" programs. The House Appropriations Committee would simply allocate zero funds for certain noxious government agencies. Since there's no way for the Senate or the White House to spend money without House assent, this would be an easy, effectively veto-proof way to eliminate programs on the conservative hit list. But as it turns out, the dreaded zero-out is getting elbowed aside by the more elusive "three-year phase-out," which is a nice way of saying, "Sorry, not enough political will to get rid of this program now, if ever."

The Legal Services Corporation is typical. As Rael Jean Isaac demonstrated in *NR* ("War on the Poor," May 15), the LSC doles out federal money to state-level Legal Services organizations, which wage war on welfare reform, fight to expand prisoner rights, and otherwise assail social norms. (*USA Today*, January 10, 1994, dateline Springfield, Massachusetts: "A lawsuit has been filed on behalf of Arthur Cooney, 47, who spent the $75,000 he won in a '92 lottery and wants to get back on welfare, by Western Massachusetts Legal Services Lawyers. He said most of the money went to drugs and gambling. Welfare officials are refusing his request.") So the $400-million LSC should be as fat a target as there is.

But in a pattern much in evidence on Capitol Hill lately, it has found three powerful allies: a soft Republican subcommittee chairman; a powerful interest with the ear of the GOP; and a Republican reformer still stuck in the long era of GOP minority status. The chairman in this case is Harold Rogers, head of the Commerce, Justice, State, and Judiciary subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee. Rogers, who represents a dirt-poor district in Kentucky, won't abide attempts to eliminate the LSC. He has produced a bill cutting it from $400 million to $278 million but won't go further. He has an ally in the American Bar Association—which has pledged an all-out effort to save the LSC—and, perhaps more importantly, in the local bar associations, which get Legal Services subgrants, dues from local Legal Services lawyers, and a variety of other indirect benefits. And thanks to reforms pushed by Representative Bill McCollum (R., Fla.), Rogers can claim he is not funding LSC excesses. The McCollum plan is meant to prevent the LSC from engaging in politics, but with an organization soaked in ideology any number of fingers in the dike aren't going to plug the leaks (one of the first acts of the Clinton-appointed board was to scrap the LSC's monitoring program). Unless a last-ditch attempt to zero out the LSC or block-grant its funding to the states wins either on the House floor, or in the Senate through the exertions of Phil Gramm (both unlikely), the LSC can breathe the same words of relief it did after Senator Warren Rudman (R., N.H.) intervened on its behalf in the 1980s: Saved by Republicans.

In the case of the National Endowment for the Arts and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the plot lines are essentially the same. The NEA has weak-link Interior subcommittee chairman Ralph Regula as its protector, and wannabe SoHo art connoisseurs living

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west of the Hudson as its influential interest group. (A planned attempt to deepen the NEA cut just from 40 per cent to 50 per cent this year may fail on the House floor). The CPB, meanwhile, gets a sympathetic ear from John Porter, chairman of the Labor and Health and Human Services subcommittee of Appropriations.

To be sure, all these outfits are sustaining deep cuts this year. But they will live on into the 105th Congress, when the impetus to kill them may well have faded—and the forces that saved them in 1995 may be stronger. Their survival signals a Republican reluctance to make the deeper conservative case about the function of government. What it portends for the GOP revolution is: phase-out.

Right Data

How Not to Cut

MEDICARE, as every schoolboy knows, is going broke. The math is straightforward. Last year the program spent $162.5 billion. By 2002 this amount will nearly double. To avoid bankruptcy in 2002 Congress must cut the annual rate of benefit growth to 7 per cent from the current 10 per cent, or raise payroll taxes by 44 per cent. Medicare taxes have already been hiked 23 times during the program's 29 years of existence.

Yes, there are more elderly now, and the quality and cost of their care has risen dramatically. But Medicare's spending history defies easy explanation. Back in 1966 19 million older Americans received Medicare at a total cost of $1.2 billion, or less than $63 per recipient. In 1994 the program spent an average of $4,392 on each of 37 million beneficiaries. That's a 70-fold rise in per-recipient spending during a period in which general medical inflation rose 8-fold.

Washington responded to the cost explosion by capping or reducing the amount paid for particular services. Such price controls were easily circumvented. Doctors simply broke services up into several billable parts, e.g., instead of doing all lab tests in a single visit they made patients go for one at a time. This ultimately increased the overall use—and total cost—of medical services.

Curbing hospital costs was a major priority of the Reagan Administration. In 1983 the government started paying hospitals a flat amount per hospitalization. Hospitals spending less could pocket the difference; those spending more took the loss. As seen in the table, Medicare's hospital expenses slowed dramatically as a result of this policy. But this wasn't real cost control. Medicare merely paid hospitals less than the cost of their services, forcing them to shift those costs to patients with private health insurance. The new system also rewarded the rapid discharge of patients. Indeed, average hospital stays plummeted from 7.4 days in 1980 to 5.7 days in 1985. A 1988 government study found that 540,000 Medicare patients were receiving poor care, with 3,300 deaths attributable to premature hospital discharges.

In recent years the government has allowed HMOs to sign up Medicare patients. As a cost-control measure, this policy has backfired. Although the fee paid to HMOs is typically 95 per cent of the average cost of a Medicare participant, only the healthiest individuals tend to opt for HMOs. As a result, Medicare spends more on HMO patients than it would have spent under the conventional fee-for-service option.

Managed care perpetuates the illusion that "someone else" is paying your medical bills. A far better approach might be simply to give each senior his share of Medicare funds for use in purchasing private health insurance. One such plan gaining support in Congress is the "Medical Savings Account." Under the MSA option retirees would buy an insurance policy with a high deductible—say, $3,000 per year. The $3,000 would go into a fund, or MSA, which could be drawn down to cover out-of-pocket medical expenses. At the end of the year retirees could use leftover funds for any purpose—a powerful incentive to ask questions about cost and medical necessity.

There is a caveat, however. In order to keep private-health-insurance premiums affordable the MSA option must be chosen by the vast majority of Medicare recipients. This may require a heavy-handed approach, with sanctions imposed against those opting to remain in the current program. Politically unpalatable? Yes, except when compared to what will happen if we don't do it. —ED RUBENSTEIN

MEDICARE'S MIXED SIGNALS

	TOTAL MEDICARE SPENDING		
	$ Bils.	*As % of Budget*	*As % of GDP*
1970	$ 7.2	3.7%	0.7%
1980	35.0	5.9	1.3
1990	109.7	8.8	2.0
1994	162.5	11.1	2.4
2000E	276.6	16.2	3.0

	HOSPITAL AND PHYSICIAN EXPENDITURES PER ENROLLEE *(Ave. Annual Growth)*	
	Medicare	*Private Insurance*
1976-84	13.9%	12.9%
1984-90	6.4	9.5
1991	5.8	8.6
1992	7.5	8.1
1993	7.3	7.5

Source: OMB, Health Care Financing Administration.

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Georgetown Epiphany

A ME-TOO budget, commercials on crime-fighting, his very own speech on TV violence: President Clinton has lifted the drop-cloth on a toned-down, turned-right presidential campaign. In his role as Dr. Feel-Your-Pain, he even gave a little lecture at Georgetown on the ethics of public discourse, calling for "more conversation and less combat." Mr. Clinton's new rhetorical model looks like the centrist, New Democrat vehicle that took him to the nomination, and the White House, in 1992. He could almost resurrect the James Baker slogan for the 1982 midterm elections: "Stay the course."

The only problem for Clinton will be that, between 1992 and 1996, there occurred his first term, in which he laid out a very different course: pointless foreign interventions which sometimes ended in bloodshed, two liberal Supreme Court Justices and one freak-show Surgeon General, and an attempt to remake the nation's medical system. Candidate Clinton's most dangerous enemy so far has not been George Bush or Ross Perot, but President Clinton. The President is probably not that left-wing himself: he is too frazzled and protean for that. But his advisors, his wife, his party, and all the residual tics of his own Sixties background dispose him in that direction.

It is characteristic of the times that liberals run best when they are evasive, while conservatives run best when they are forthright. Mr. Clinton won running as a New Democrat in 1992 because the Republicans weren't running as anything. The best way for Republicans to exploit Mr. Clinton's weaknesses now is to reject, politely but firmly, the advice proffered at Georgetown. Politics is about the combat of rival visions of government. The one Mr. Clinton proffers is a fraud; the one he practices has been a failure.

Judgment by the Press

THE movement for gay rights—that is, gay privilege—suffered a jolt in Ohio in the federal 6th Circuit Court of Appeals. In Colorado and Cincinnati, legislatures had passed laws forbidding discrimination in employment and housing on the basis of "sexual orientation." In both instances, the laws were overridden by constitutional amendments, passed by the voters in referenda, which denied "protected status" or other preferential treatment to gays. Whereupon lawyers for gay activists persuaded courts to overturn the amendments on the grounds that they violated the right of gays to participate equally in the political process.

The Colorado case has gone to the U.S. Supreme Court, but has not yet been heard there; meanwhile, the court of appeals in Ohio has pronounced the gay movement's arguments to be vacuous. The Cincinnati amendment "deprived no one of the right to vote," nor was anyone barred from running for office, buying advertising, or campaigning actively against the amendment. The only restriction contained in the amendment was to "render futile the lobbying of the Council for preferential enactments for homosexuals qua homosexuals." But that describes the logic of any constitutional amendment: In forbidding slavery, the Thirteenth Amendment restricted the freedom of slaveowners to advance their interests through legislation.

That is not the way the judgment was reported in the press. The *New York Times* said inventively that the judges had "upheld the right of Cincinnati voters to deprive homosexuals of specific legal protections." Since the Supreme Court has shown that it is quite attentive to the way its decisions play politically, this style of reporting may well enter into its calculations. If the Justices uphold the voters, the lead story will not be: "The Court has preserved the freedom of people, in their private capacities, to reach their own moral judgments on homosexuality." With a close vote looming, the result may pivot on Justice Kennedy, late in the seasons of his experience, still working out his identity. Will he adhere to his ancient convictions, or will he play to the gallery?

Voodoo Politics

HAITI's June 25 parliamentary elections were a mess. Besides sporadic low-level violence, observers saw pre-marked ballots, rooms full of unsealed ballot boxes, polling places with long lines and no ballots, and other evidence of electoral disarray. The delegation from the International Republican Institute wondered aloud if the official vote tallies were a reliable reflection of the people's preferences.

Was the chaos the result of underdevelopment, inexperience, and incompetence, or was it a ploy by the Aristide government to prevent the opposition from scoring well? Either explanation bodes ill for the scheduled December presidential elections. Then, as in June, the U.S. will be pouring several million dollars into the electoral process, and there should be a better return on our investment. With U.S. help, El Salvador in the Eighties held better elections during a guerrilla war than Haiti has just done in peacetime.

None of this fazed the spin doctors in the Clinton Administration, some of whom had no doubt disdained Salvadoran and other elections during the Cold War. In those days, elections in disfavored locations (Duarte's El Salvador, Pinochet's Chile) had to be conducted with the punctiliousness of a chess match or the Left would contemptuously dismiss them as invalid. Their position has a certain logic to it: they wanted

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progressive outcomes, after all. Anti-Left victories back then were unfortunate, while the triumph of Aristide's Lavalas movement is to be applauded.

To ensure that the next elections are decently run, the Administration has got to admit, at least to itself, that the June elections were a failure. It must figure out why this was so and how to fix it. It would be humiliating to pay for a repeat performance.

Amazing Grace

THE Southern Baptist Convention met in Atlanta to mark its 150th anniversary. Amidst the celebrations, it also resolved: "We lament and repudiate historic acts of evil such as slavery from which we continue to reap a bitter harvest . . ."

This was not the usual churchly pronouncement asking forgiveness for vague or imaginary ills, for which everyone, or no one, bears responsibility: Columbus, the ozone layer, budget cuts. Northern and Southern Baptists split in 1845 over the question of whether a missionary could own slaves. The Southern Baptist Convention was founded to uphold the view that missionaries should make that decision—the pro-choice position of that day.

Since the human soul is complex, the original Southern Baptists and their descendants dedicated themselves to other causes as well—including a strict interpretation of their own beliefs, impervious to liberal fashion. For that reason, the Southern Baptist Convention has become the largest Protestant church in America, leaving its mainline fellows, including the Northern (now American) Baptists, in its wake. Its fidelity gives weight to its resolution. Only people who believe in sin can ask forgiveness for one.

Since Americans are the most religious people in the developed world, the Atlanta vote may have more long-term impact on race relations than thirty years of government programs. The Reverend Calvin Butts, pastor of Adam Clayton Powell's old church in Harlem, and often a pain in the neck, called it "a marvelous statement." In other business, the Convention, true to its other legacy, condemned the nomination of Dr. Henry Foster as Surgeon General.

Warren Burger, RIP

A CASE of polio in his youth left Chief Justice Warren Burger with a severely deformed spine that made standing for any length of time painful. Yet as Hillsdale College's Ronald Trowbridge reports, at a commencement a few years ago he stood for an hour and a half shaking the hands of 260 graduates. The gentleman, always.

To a Euroskeptic

Scorned by the French and jeered by Tories who
Cry "Onward!" as you counter, "Toodle-oo,"
While Brussels gets on everybody's nerves
With rules that sizzle past like tennis serves,
Take heart from Lady Thatcher in the Lords,
Whose Richters reach from Bournemouth to
the fjords
As D-marks, like avenging octopi,
Tug liras and escudos down to die.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Warren Burger entered the national arena in 1952, when he moved the Minnesota delegation from Harold Stassen to Dwight Eisenhower at the Republican Convention, putting Ike over the top. His last public service was chairing the Commission on the Bicentennial of the Constitution. But his reputation rests on his tenure as Chief Justice from 1969 to 1986. The Warren Court had been a collective devil figure for conservatives for years. The election of Richard Nixon, followed by a string of judicial appointments, was supposed to change all that. Burger did compare endless death-row appeals to a "sporting contest," and attacked rigid applications of the exclusionary rule as "bizarre." But the Burger Court upheld busing and created the right to abortion. (Chief Justice Burger himself backed away from the latter position, but by then the damage was done.) The model of the Court as an eccentric super-legislature remained unchanged.

When Republicans occupy the White House, they often appoint conservative Justices. Sometimes they stay that way (William Rehnquist, Clarence Thomas). Sometimes they don't (David Souter). Intervening Democrats add a few liberals, and jurisprudence lurches along from case to case.

The only hope for long-range reform is a change in the culture of law schools and law professors, which the Federalist Society hopes to bring about; or a Congress willing to pick a fight on the basis of Article III, Section 2, of the document Warren Burger loved so devotedly, and served so haphazardly.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

Bob Strother's step-daughter found this letter ad-

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dressed to me on Bob's desk, sealed and stamped. He died two days after writing it. He was amusing, even in extremis.

Dear Priscilla:

Many thanks for your good letter of January 24, with its reassurance that I was not altogether wacky in thinking that K-Rat article was worth while. I would have replied long ago but was whisked off to the new Hospital Cuernavaca. It is a new attractive hospital built around a square with palm trees, flower beds, and fish ponds in the center.

They forgot to air-condition the place, and I was put in a room that had soaked up most of the afternoon sun. I was tied down with a great assortment of tubes and wires for 33 consequent jours. The chef was a campesino whose idea of a treat was a thick slice of breast from an aged rooster. My escape rates as a wonder. They claimed it was congestive heart failure, but it turned out to be far less alarming. They won't catch me again!

I had a pleasant letter from Linda, who blamed gremlins in the fax machine.

I envy you your skill on the word processor; your letter was indeed beautiful.

Efie, my housekeeper, has just turned up with a double-barreled armful of nostrums, so I must down them lest Hospital Cuernavaca stalks me again.

Thine,
Bob

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In response to Mr. Mark Hutto [Notes & Asides, May 15] who asked why the sum of the individual digits of any multiple of 9 results in a multiple of 9: the answer lies in the unique property of the number 9 in a base 10 counting system. The effect can best be understood by viewing what happens when you add the number 10 to most positive numbers. When this is done, the value of the sum of the digits of that number is increased by 1. This is because the "ones" digit remains the same while the value of the "tens" digit increases by 1 (i.e., 34: 3 + 4 = 7; and 44: 4 + 4 = 8). It can then easily be understood that when only 9 is added to a number, the tens value is still increased by 1 but that gain is offset by a decrease of 1 in the ones digit (in effect, you are adding 10 and subtracting 1). Thus when you add 9 to most positive numbers, the sum of the digits remains the same. However there are two important exceptions to this. The first is when using a number ending in 0. In those instances, the sum of the digits increases by 9. The second, I will explain later.

Since all multiples of 9 simply represent the above process repeated x number of times in a series with 9 as the original number (and sum), it can be seen that the sum of the digits of these successive multiples will generally either remain the same or increase to the next higher multiple when 9 is added to it.

The final exception is when a number "rolls over" to increase the hundreds placeholder. In these instances the actual sum may be decreased to a lower multiple, but the general logic cited above still holds true. This also works with the number 7 in a base 8 system or 6 in a base 7 system, etc.

By the way, I don't believe that my writing the number 9 nine times in the above letter has any relative significance to the explanation that I have put forth.

Cordially,
T. Troy Russell
Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Mr. Russell: Well, thanks very much. And well explained. Cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

In Mr. Hutto's mathematical curiosity we can find for our social condition a disheartening metaphor: Although we keep contributing more and more, the net result always seems to be the same. There is some reason for hope, however, because his rule is not without exception. When 9 is added to any multiple of 9 ending in 0 (i.e., 90, 180, 270, etc.), the total of the digits increases and continues to do so until zero is reached in another column, then back again to the same old constant sum. What the right giveth the left taketh away.

Please tell Newt about this.

Sincerely,
Robert A. Mercer
Jaffrey, N.H.

Dear Mr. Mercer: No. *You* tell Newt about this. Cordially, **—WFB**

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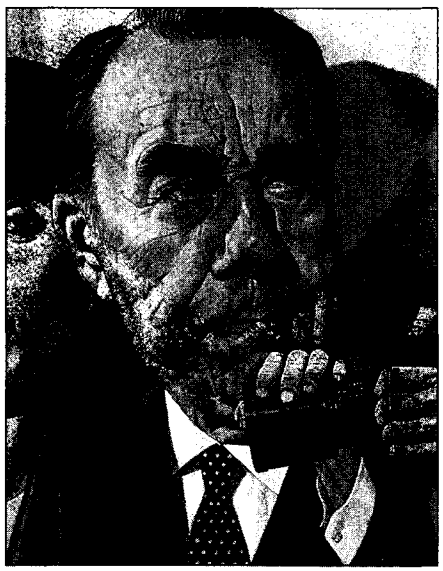
ON THE SCENE

The 101st Senator

RICH LOWRY



Roberto Parada

WASHINGTON, D.C.

SHEILA Burke stands at a phone in her spacious Capitol office, looking down as she listens to an unhappy senator on the other end. The senator went home last night not realizing floor votes are scheduled today, and wants to know why he wasn't informed. Mrs. Burke apologizes, then explains that a notice went to every office last night outlining today's schedule. When she sits back down for an interview, she's still shaking her head. "Told him there would be votes. He left. Now he's mad there's votes," she sighs. "The freshmen are just . . . an interesting crowd."

Bob Dole's chief of staff can afford some exasperation over the mistakes of first-year Senators—not only has she been here longer, she's probably more powerful. The shortish 44-year-old mother of three, who typically wears a dour expression—as if one of the kids had just tracked mud on the living-room carpet—is often called the "101st senator," in recognition of the latitude given her in running the day-to-day operations of the Senate. Conservatives often call her other, less flattering names, ranging from "liberal Democrat" to the "woman who runs Bob Dole."

"The one consistent theme over every major battle that conservatives lost," says a former Senate staffer, "was a knife in the back from Bob Dole, frequently at the behest of Sheila." A Traditional Values Coalition press release recently proclaimed, "If the American people like Hillary Clinton, they will love Sheila Burke," an over-the-top piece of rhetoric that nonetheless captures her place in the pantheon of conservative villains. As the Dole campaign continues to roll, neutralizing serious opposition on the Right, Mrs. Burke stands as a personification of all the old conservative doubts about the convictions and the *modus operandi* of her boss.

Sheila Burke, a nurse by training, joined Dole in the mid 1970s. At the time, she was a Democrat with, as she told *U.S. News & World Report* last year, "a bias on the liberal side." Her résumé included time protesting the conservative reign of S. I. Hayakawa as president of San Francisco State and involvement in "Nurses for Moynihan." No matter. Dole, she says, "was looking for somebody to do health policy who had experience as a provider." When in 1985 he was elected majority leader, Mrs. Burke left the Senate Finance Committee, where she handled health care, to become his deputy chief of staff. In 1986 she moved into the top slot.

Mrs. Burke's politics had shifted rightward—"a maturation on my part," she says—but retained an accommodationist/liberal tinge in keeping with her Senate background. The Finance Committee, which spends half the federal budget and raises almost all of it, is in the minds of its members a domain too important for partisanship. "She is the Finance Committee," one Senate aide says. "In the Finance Committee, people who come to the table with strongly ideological agendas, whether liberal or conservative, are marginalized. I think her temperament and approach to issues comport very well with the way the committee does business."

And with the way the Senate does business. Sheila Burke is part of what one aide calls an "Old Boys Network" of staff loyal to the traditional non-confrontational ways of the Senate (the staff director of the Budget Committee was recently described by *National Journal* as "deeply perplexed by what he viewed as a right-wing takeover of the House"). For Mrs. Burke, the most important boys in this network have been women, including Finance Committee staff director Lindy Paull and, until she left to be Rhode Island's Director of Human Services, John Chafee aide Christine Ferguson. It's a vaguely feminist, non-ideological environment.

All of which has made Sheila Burke, whose intelligence and competence are not in question, a lightening rod for conservative suspicions. Whenever Dole strays, Sheila Burke gets fingered. Supporters contend this is unfair. "Dole is his own person," says conservative activist Don Devine. Former Finance Committee staff director Bob Lighthizer insists, "Nobody who succeeds working for Senator Dole elevates their own agenda above his. He just doesn't tolerate it." But Dole tends to have a hands-off management style; "work it out" can constitute a marching order. It's within this latitude of broad instructions and the detailed staff work surrounding any issue that Mrs. Burke has her influence.

CONSERVATIVE critics point to her role in the health-care reform fight of 1993–94 as the prototype. She maintains close ties to a nursing community not prone to right-wing views, sometimes teaching courses at nursing schools. "The people she sees socially tend to have a corporatist liberal point of view," says one observer. That background has made itself felt in a variety of ways, from Sheila Burke's personally twisting senators' arms to get them to agree to sell a valuable piece of federal land to the Columbia Hospital for Women in Washington, D.C., to her interest in becoming head of the Health Care Financing Administration (HCFA) in the Bush Administration.

At first blush an odd career move, the HCFA job might have represented a ful-

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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fillment of Sheila Burke's ambitions (she couldn't take it because her husband's work with Aetna represented a potential conflict). The agency runs Medicare and Medicaid; "it controls American health care," explains one staffer.

A chance to do the same by different means came in the health-care fight. Mrs. Burke's friends fashioned the Chafee proposal, a pre-emptive surrender to the Clinton plan that would, among other things, have required insurers to offer a set of government-defined benefits. At first called Dole–Chafee, the legislation represented the initial instincts of Dole and the policy convictions of his chief of staff. "Sheila was very comfortable with the Chafee bill," says one GOP aide.

AS THE health debate moved right, conservatives worried that Mrs. Burke was pulling the other way. She achieved unusual visibility for a staffer. On *Meet the Press* in the fall of 1993 Senator Pat Moynihan proclaimed, "Sheila Burke . . . said this is an important moment. . . . We agree that government now has to intervene." Come February 1994 Hillary Clinton was hawking the same line: "Senator Dole told me, 'If you and Sheila can agree, I'll vote for the plan.'" Mrs. Burke seemed to be itching to cut the deal. "If you didn't want to take care of this stuff, these [health-care] issues were of such a technical nature that it was a discussion you could easily beg off," says a former Democratic staffer. "[But] she was interested in sitting down with the other side and getting into all the details."

When Dole finally decided to sink any version of government-run health-care—after getting pounded privately by conservative colleagues—Mrs. Burke did dutifully assemble the operation to do it. "I've never seen in my six years up here anything that approached it for sophistication, level of organization, and effectiveness," says Doug Badger of the Senate Republican Policy Committee. By the end of the process, it was the moderates who were complaining. Says former Chafee aide Christine Ferguson: "I feel like she abandoned the ship." The overall trajectory of the health-care fight followed a familiar pattern: first (at the point when an issue is most likely to be shaped by his staff) Dole gets on the wrong side, then he rights himself (when other, outside influences have been brought to bear).

The latest complaint about Sheila Burke comes on welfare. Conservative staff contend she has worked in staff-level meetings to limit welfare reform and keep the bill free of language condemning illegitimacy, even an innocuous statement like "marriage is the foundation of a successful society." Mrs. Burke says she just tried to broker an issue on which the Republican conference is bitterly divided (so-called "clean" block grants *v.* those with some illegitimacy strings). But, as on health care, being a good soldier will mean crossing her instincts: the ineffective reforms of 1988, which must be scrapped to make way for any meaningful change this year, would not have happened without her.

The welfare controversy is typical, based on impossible-to-discern intentions and a pervasive distrust. "It's the sense you get of the meeting before the meeting," says one aide, "that her more liberal friends are there when you arrive—and still there when you leave." Stories of her betrayals in the Senate cloakroom are as rife as they are difficult to confirm. Eyewitnesses recall seeing her pow-wow in late 1992 with Nancy Johnson (Conn.) and Fred Upton (Mich.), as the two House moderates made a last minute push for a fetal-tissue research bill. A similar allegation—in writing, in an unsigned memo—had her helping cloakroom staff find the votes to shut down a Jesse Helms filibuster last year. "An absolute falsehood," she says. "I wasn't there."

The strained relations with the Right may have contributed to Mrs. Burke's brief move this year to the position of Secretary of the Senate, a powerful institutional job, but one removed from Dole's political shop. The Dole campaign, went the speculation, was trying to ease her out. But Mrs. Burke kept her chief-of-staff job, and by June had moved back to it full-time. Her 18 years of loyal service no doubt stood her in good stead, as on a deeper level did her sympathy with Dole. She represents a part of him, if the "bad" part: the tough-as-nails demeanor, when the "New Dole" is supposed to be kinder and gentler, the pragmatic operator, when Dole is supposed to be an avatar of conservative principle.

In recent months, Mrs. Burke has presided over an office churning out a steady diet of conservative results, most recently beating cloture on the Henry Foster nomination for Surgeon General. But she is clearly acting from the head rather than the heart. Asked whether she understands the nation's new political currents, Mrs. Burke says. "There are a lot of things people accuse me of, but being stupid isn't one of them." The same can be said of her boss, which at least partly explains his compelling rhetoric of late. But after the campaign speeches are a distant echo, Sheila Burke (the next White House chief of staff?) will still be around. So will the side of Bob Dole that makes her such a good fit. □

Small Earthquake in Westminster

ROBIN HARRIS

LONDON

ON ELECTION day for the leadership of the Conservative Party (Tuesday, July 4) the *Sun* newspaper asked: "How do you tell if a Tory MP is lying?" It answered, "See if his lips move." The lips were moving again after the result was announced—218 votes for Prime Minister John Major; 89 votes for the challenger, John Redwood, and 22 abstentions or spoiled ballot papers. Mr. Major called it a "very clear-cut decision" in his favor and said that "the time for division" was over. Cabinet ministers jostled to find a television camera so as to declare their ecstasy at the result and make stern calls for unity. Backbenchers assured anyone who would listen that they had been Major loyalists all along.

But as the political dust settles it is clear that the landscape of Westminster has changed in a number of significant ways. The prime minister's position is almost certainly secure until the next

Mr. Harris was a member of Prime Minister Thatcher's Policy Unit. He was also a member of John Redwood's leadership campaign team.

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election. He won the support of two-thirds of the electors—which also means that in a vote of confidence which he himself initiated, he failed to win over the other third. Either way, in this limited sense his gamble has paid off. Part of the price he paid, however, was exposing the internal arguments of the Conservative Party. That in itself was a good deal less damaging than the political managers feared. But more important, the prime minister has had to move from uneasily straddling the party's muddled middle to a position on its left in order to secure the votes of Michael Heseltine's supporters. Mr. Heseltine, probably for health reasons, chose not to destabilize Mr. Major and grasp the crown himself; but in a three-hour session at Downing Street on the day of the vote he seems to have hammered out an agreement to bring his supporters in behind the prime minister in exchange for the deputy prime ministership and much-enhanced cabinet authority. This almost certainly secures the future of Kenneth Clarke, the Right's main bugbear, in the crucial position of chancellor of the exchequer. As a result, Mr. Major could not (even if he wished) now harden his policy against the pound sterling's membership in a European single currency or put through the big spending and tax cuts that would please disillusioned Tory supporters.

John Major has thus finally transformed himself from a right-winger who, in the circumstances of 1990, had the advantage of not being Margaret Thatcher, to a left-winger who, in the circumstances of 1995, has the advantage of not being Michael Heseltine. As has been increasingly clear over the last two years, he will feel more at ease in his second guise than his first. For Mr. Major's instincts lie on the left. The secrets of a British politician's soul are most likely to be blurted out in the House of Commons. So it was with Margaret Thatcher's troika of "nos" to European federalism on the eve of her overthrow; so it is with a solitary "yes" by Mr. Major:

> Mr. Blair [Opposition Leader]: Does the Prime Minister accept it as a responsibility of Government to reduce inequality?
> The Prime Minister: Yes.
> [*Hansard*, February 9, 1995.]

Gone is the refusal to engage in social engineering, the denial that there is a "right" distribution of incomes, the rejection of the notion that the state or society is to blame if one man succeeds while another fails. If a Conservative can get that wrong, he can get anything wrong—as Mr. Major usually does. And that is why Mr. Blair, whose Labour Party is strong on presentation but weak on substance, makes little secret of his delight that it is Mr. Major who will now face him at the next general election. For Mr. Blair does not wish to debate the issues; and Mr. Major has no intention of trying.

Which brings the shrewder commentators to the second implication of the leadership election. It is likely that the Conservative Party will enjoy some immediate recovery in the opinion polls as a result of the 12-day TV spectacular. But there is no reason to believe it will last and every reason to be confident that the Conservative Party is now irrevocably on course for its most severe

Roman Genn

defeat in modern times. Ever since the government's credibility was shattered when sterling was forced out of the European exchange-rate mechanism in September 1992 nothing has gone right. Taxes were raised to curb the deficit created by overspending. On Europe, the prime minister shifted his line with every passing vote, sought to accommodate each competing faction, and finally gave up altogether: on this fundamental constitutional question he insisted his government was agnostic. A series of sleazy scandals, each mishandled by Mr. Major, undermined the Conservative Party's reputation; and the resort to special committees chaired by judges to investigate arms sales to Iraq and political corruption, far from curbing criticism, relentlessly prolonged it.

The prime minister remains unable to reap the credit for economic success, which is perceived to have occurred in spite, not because, of his policies; he is unable to unify his party or even his cabinet because he does not have the authority, passion, or intellect to engage either wing in argument; and he is unable to frighten the electorate by portraying Mr. Blair as a greater risk than his accident-prone self. To compound these problems, Mr. Major has managed to lose the support of four out of five pro-Tory national daily newspapers—against whose owners and editors he and his advisors daily engage in semi-public vituperation. So Mr. Major will now survive to fight and lose the next election, doing so from a position on the left of the Tory Party's spectrum.

BUT what of the Right? The biggest loser in recent days has been the Right's previous champion, Michael Portillo, widely if not necessarily accurately seen as Margaret Thatcher's heir apparent. Mr. Portillo was one of the most loyal supporters of Mrs. Thatcher in 1990 and has established himself as a populist right-winger unafraid to echo the sentiments of the Conservative Party faithful on such matters as national sovereignty vis-à-vis the European Union, which he does with special passion as a man whose family are Spanish Republican exiles. He is charming and sociable and has established a substantial body of support. But his reputation has now been damaged. Those right-wing Euroskeptics who supported the prime minister in order to stop Michael Heseltine from reaching No. 10 Downing Street and to stop Portillo from yielding his position as leader of the Right to Redwood have doubly lost out. For while Heseltine is now able to pull the strings of power as deputy prime minister, Redwood won enough votes, even without the "inside" Right, to establish his position and is now entrenched as the Right's new champion.

The Right does not yet know whether it could win a general election with Redwood; but it would not now go into battle with anyone other than him in command. While Michael Portillo hesitated, consulted, and calculated, John Redwood took up Mr. Major's challenge to "put up or shut up" (immediately re-interpreted by the prime minister's lieutenants as "Shut up, but don't put up or else"). It was a defining moment. And in Westminster fortune does often favor the brave.

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John Redwood was a relative novice in the cabinet; he was only promoted to Welsh secretary in 1993. But he knows the inside of Whitehall, having been head of Prime Minister Thatcher's Policy Unit in the Eighties, where he masterminded much of the successful and internationally imitated privatization program. He also, unlike Mr. Portillo, has top-level experience in finance and industry. His grip of every fact, figure, argument, and implication is awesome. And though he likes to receive advice, he quickly makes up his mind and holds to his conclusion. He is unashamedly a man of the Right—a believer in low taxes, small government, capital punishment, traditional morality (including the right to life), a strong defense, and the retention of British parliamentary sovereignty and independence. But he always appears moderate and reasonable. Although almost determinedly English, he is the sort of politician immediately recognizable to any American audience as a genuine conservative. Moreover, because of his attachment to the shared political inheritance of the English-speaking world and his principled rejection of a European superstate, he might be able to repeat Lady Thatcher's success in establishing a rapport with American conservatives.

Now on the back benches and uninhibited by cabinet responsibility, Mr. Redwood has the opportunity over the next two years to develop a coherent conservative program for what remains of the Tory Party after its rendezvous with Armageddon. More may depend on his efforts than on anything that transpired in Mr. Major's reshuffled cabinet. □

Return of the Godfather

MARTIN AROSTEGUI

MADRID

IN OUR last episodes (see *NR*, Dec. 18, 1991, and Dec. 28, 1992), Godfather Fidel was secretly protecting fugitive financier Robert Vesco while contriving drug-trafficking accusations against his own army officers in order to deflect DEA investigations into his regime. General Ochoa and 13 other Cuban officers who had loyally served in Africa and Central America were being shot by firing squad or condemned to life in dungeons while Vesco was drinking champagne on board General Noriega's visiting yacht and driving to meetings with top Castro officials in Mercedes limousines.

But Vesco is now suffering the fate of others who outlive their usefulness to Castro. After denying his presence in Cuba for more than ten years, Havana announced his arrest in June. Another coup which the maximum leader can be sure media sycophants will give the appropriate spin.

The *New York Times* set the tone in a breezy editorial about how the arrest should speed up the thaw in relations between Washington and Havana. Cuban officials were working overtime to expedite Vesco's extradition, according to the *Times*, which blamed the U.S. State Department for holding up the paperwork. *Time* magazine had a team of federal marshals standing by for Vesco's historic handover. But a week later, the *Washington Post* had to report in a back-page story that Cuba has no intention of returning Vesco, who stands accused of "conspiring with foreign agents." The Godfather had spoken: "It's an immorality to use a human being as a pawn in international negotiations."

Castro surely had stronger reasons for arresting Vesco than to make magnanimous gestures to U.S. law-enforcement officials—who are the last people he wants his disgraced protégé to see. Vesco might yet prove a useful card in the high-stakes game of secret negotiations with the Clinton Administration to lift the U.S. trade embargo. But according to a highly placed Cuban source who was recently in Havana, the move was triggered by even more urgent considerations. It is suspected that Vesco was building his own bridges to American authorities. Possibly anticipating the end of Castro and the loss of his last refuge, he was secretly bargaining for reduced U.S. sentencing in exchange for revealing the depth of Cuban government corruption. "Don't be surprised if Vesco suddenly dies of a heart attack in prison," says the source. "That can easily happen to a man nearing sixty."

Among the matters that Vesco might clarify are the recorded testimonies by convicted Colombian drug lords and Cuban defectors about meetings held in Havana with Fidel's brother, Defense Minister Raúl Castro, to arrange the transshipment of drugs to the United States. He might shed some light on the policy of laundering ransoms from terrorist kidnappings through Cuban state banks. He might know about the large commissions earned from illegal sales of American C-130 aircraft, high-speed patrol boats, helicopters, and Howitzer guns smuggled out of the U.S. by a Cuban-American and one-time CIA employee who is currently in a Florida prison. Cuban officials who resold the arms to Angola have yet to be prosecuted, and it's believed that a lot of their money passed through Vesco.

Fifteen years of U.S. investigations have already led to defections by Cuban security officials like Major Luis Galeana, who was picked up by DEA agents in 1991. There are also operations which have been frustrated, like an effort to sting one of Castro's Interior ministers. Federal indictments have been filed in absentia against Cuba's former ambassador to Colombia, Fernando Ravelo, and Admiral Aldo Santamaría, a member of the Cuban Communist Party's Central Committee who is accused of arranging naval support for drug-carrying vessels. Santamaría was among the officers presiding over the kangaroo court that condemned Ochoa.

THE uncovering of Cuba's official Mafia is something Castro cannot risk at a time when a last-ditch public-relations offensive is under way to maneuver President Clinton into vetoing the bill to tighten the American trade embargo.

Castro also needs to present a good face in Europe, where his good friend, Spain's scandal-ridden Socialist prime minister, Felipe González, is barely managing to survive in power as he assumes the rotating presidency of the European Community. His priorities include arranging a special EC trade deal for Cuba, where Spanish firms are heavily invested. In the wave of corruption cases which have shaken González's government over the past year, private banking sources have indicated that several leading Socialist ministers own personal investments and properties in Cuba. There are reports that Castro's

Mr. Arosetgui writes on international terrorism.

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personal finances are handled through Madrid by a high-level operative of the Cuban Dirección General de Inteligencia (DGI) who runs a Cuban tourist agency.

Inside Castro's prisons, Vesco might get re-acquainted with Patricio de la Guardia, the DGI officer assigned to him when he first set up his base around the yacht marinas of Barlovento outside Havana. Colonel de la Guardia, whose brother Antonio was shot along with General Ochoa in 1989, is still in jail for refusing to support the verdicts handed down in those Stalinist proceedings. Patricio set up security arrangements and a satellite communications system for Vesco's villa, and he handpicked Vesco's troop of bodyguards.

ALONG with far worthier men who have been betrayed by Castro, Vesco is becoming another dark skeleton in the regime's cramped closets. Every "calibrated" step taken to meet conditions for the lifting of U.S. sanctions—for example, the token release of six political prisoners in May—must be painstakingly choreographed to prevent the secrets from spilling onto the diplomatic carpets. If, as is now required by U.S. laws governing the embargo, Castro were to free all of his political prisoners (estimates of the total number run close to 1,500), allow opposition groups to organize openly, publish their own newspapers, and get access to radio and TV, the regime would collapse in no time, according to a Cuban lawyer who is fruitlessly trying to promote some sort of constructive dialogue between the Cuban regime and its opposition. "Castro just tries to work with mirrors," he candidly states.

Perhaps there was more to Castro's acceptance of Vesco in the early Eighties than the billion dollars which the fugitive allegedly offered to obtain his protection. Perhaps Castro could identify with the capitalist Houdini. While Vesco defrauded pensioners out of their retirement funds, Castro embezzled the soul of an entire generation of intellectuals. From the French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre to the guerrilla adventurer Régis Debray, from the poet Susan Sontag to the prize-winning Mexican historian Carlos Fuentes, the list of Castro enthusiasts who ended up denouncing him after he killed or tortured somebody they knew reads like a Who's Who of the left-wing illuminati. Even his own daughter had to resort to an elaborate escape plan using wigs and false passports to leave her father's penal colony.

That, almost forty years since the *New York Times* lionized Castro as "The Robin Hood of the Caribbean," he still manages to fool, bamboozle, and cajole is the most enduring testimony to his real genius. A faithful few, like Colombian Nobel Prize laureate Gábriel García Márquez, continue trumpeting the achievements of the Cuban revolution at fashionable parties in Martha's Vineyard. But having gotten the better of the intellectuals, Castro is now concentrating on the yuppie establishment.

Businessmen from all over the world are lining up to sign deals with Cuban state-run companies recently reorganized under the tutelage of former Spanish finance minister Carlos Solchaga. It's all neatly arranged so that foreign firms building hotels, for instance, deposit fees for their construction workers in Cuban state banks at the internationally agreed minimum wage of $6 per day. The Cuban government keeps the money, disbursing six pesos to its workers—which hardly qualifies as a starvation wage.

Roberto Parada

It's not only the workers who are being conned. Castro is also wooing oil companies. "All the oil men have to do," according to a Cuban geologist, "is look at the most extensive oil surveys of Cuba ever made, which are available in Moscow. No other country has been explored for oil as much as Cuba was by the Russians, who searched every corner of the island for a source to relieve them of the heavy annual fuel subsidy they had to provide during decades of propping up Castro." The answer: some minor low-grade oil deposits of insufficient quality to serve as vehicle fuel.

There is diplomatic cable traffic circulating around the Spanish Foreign Ministry describing how the appalling conditions of Castro's Fourth World economy are degenerating from worse to worse yet. Qualified doctors, teachers, and engineers are having to moonlight as gardeners and servants for favored state bureaucrats and their foreign partners to supplement their practically non-existent state salaries. Some accounts describe the failure of recent moves to open up free markets for surplus agricultural produce. The army has moved in to manage everything from distribution to retailing, taking more than a fair share of the food intended for Cuba's starving consumers, and pocketing the bloated prices charged for it.

While much of this information is being suppressed in unrelenting efforts to whitewash Castro, one Spanish businessman talked about his recent misadventure to the Madrid daily, *ABC*. He used his life savings to start a discothèque along Havana's seafront, and a DGI official became one of the steady customers. The colonel liked it so much that he used Cuban laws—based on the Communist principles which Castro so loyally defends—to expropriate him.

The same twisted classes of Communist bureaucrats who have run Castro's military-intelligence and secret-police apparatus, promoted international terrorism, and engineered the Western Hemisphere's gulag are now forming a kleptocracy to survive an eventual transition. They are copying their mentors in the former Soviet Union—the *apparatchiks* and KGB bosses who managed to retain control of dynamic sectors of the Russian economy while the Communist regime collapsed.

The United States is in a position to stop a mega-corruption similar to the one now sweeping Russia from happening in Cuba. Efforts to curb the multinational drug mafia are succeeding elsewhere in the hemisphere. American troops toppled the criminal clique running Haiti, and U.S. Special Forces advised in last month's successful roundup of the Cali cartel. U.S. Justice Department lawyers who had been moonlighting in service to the drug barons are being prosecuted. The immediate and unconditional return of Robert Vesco should be demanded from Cuba, and tightening the blockade around Castro should follow his refusal to comply. □

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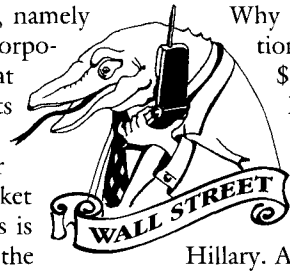
RANDOM WALK

WE'RE just halfway through the Nineties, but even now it might be possible to identify the initial public offering that will be the worst deal of the decade, namely United States Enrichment Corporation. The good news is that USEC and its antecedents have a fifty-year history, and the company has a 40 per cent share of the world market for its product. The bad news is that the one shareholder is the U.S. Government; the USEC produces the most expensive enriched uranium in the world, and its business prospects are so bad that the offering, if it really gets done, should probably be itself classified as radioactive waste.



USEC's president and CEO, William H. "Nick" Timbers, had a press conference in Washington early this month to tout the company's privatization plan. But nuclear-industry insiders are calling the pre-selling process "dressing up the pig," and even a cursory look at USEC reveals why. The company's basic business is separating U235, the reactor and bomb isotope, from U238 and the other U's that get in the way. USEC's technology for doing this is the oldest in present use, since it was never upgraded. Why bother? The government was paying.

Now USEC has probably the highest-cost production in the world, around $60 for each Separative Work Unit, as the product is called. Thirteen of its customers are suing the company in the U.S. Court of Claims for overcharging on their refining contracts. If the court agrees, and prices are cut, USEC's revenues fall by around 25 per cent and it may become worthless. Even if it wins, it still has to deal with the competition from decommissioned Russian nuclear weapons. A tentative deal on this point was just signed by Al Gore in Moscow. But that deal probably violates another agreement with Canada, and it must be implemented by November if it is to hold up at all.

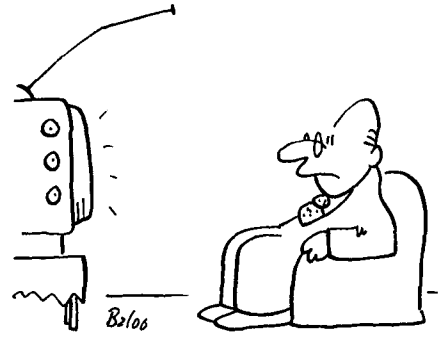
The Court of Claims case aside, USEC's 40 per cent share of the world market is expected to decline to less than 5 per cent within eight years, as the company's old, high-priced contracts with nuclear utilities roll off.

Why is the charade of privatization kept up? Fees. Some $100 million is going to the likes of USEC's investment banker, J. P. Morgan, and lawyer Susan Thomases of Willkie, Farr, and Gallagher and Friend of Hillary. And the federal budget process, where the USEC sale is "scored" for $1.5 billion in proceeds next year.

■ You can almost always make good money doing the opposite of what a consensus of economists tells you to do.

I'd been thinking idly about wheat and corn, but when only 1 out of 62 top economists picked "food commodities" as a good 12-month investment in a recent *Wall Street Journal* survey, I knew it was time to move on the grains. I immediately called the best fundamental grain-market analyst I know, Tom Waldeck, president of Leuwin Advisors in Greenwich. "People think it's a weather market," said Tom, "but it's actually a demand market. With the end of Communism, and the growth in previously poor parts of the world made possible by free markets, grain demand is growing much faster than the world population."

And grain stocks are lower than they were in the 1972–73 and 1973–74 crop years, when Russian purchases and low stocks led to exploding prices and Nixonian export controls. Furthermore, U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates place stocks at 20.5 per cent of consumption, compared with 21.3 per cent in the Seventies. The USDA relies on the assumption that the Russians haven't run through all their strategic reserves. Your correspondent's Russian sources suggest that much of those have been stolen and sold by crooked agri-*apparatchiks* and military officials.



"The Fed decided today not to raise or lower interest rates, but instead moved them sideways a little."

Mind you, the greater efficiency in transportation and food processing means that somewhat lower stocks may be needed than in the early Seventies. But not that much lower. And Russian farms are if anything in worse shape than they were back then. If there's any disappointment in the weather. . . . In 1973, wheat went from $1.50 a bushel to $6.40. So far this year, December wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade has gone from $3.59 in early January to $4.43 in early July.

■ They call it "Dr. Copper," because the price movements of the red metal have historically foreshadowed the trend of the overall economy. But so far this year, Dr. Copper is courting a malpractice suit. What gives?

There might just be an element of market manipulation involved. Some enterprising Far Easterners—a large Japanese trading house and the Chinese State Reserve Bureau—have noticed that the knee-jerk chart watchers who trade the New York and London copper markets buy when London Metal Exchange copper inventories are low and sell when they are high. If, like these clever people, you can take delivery of copper and keep it out of the LME warehouses, you can play lots of fun games with the trading systems of gullible Westerners. Consequently, copper is now trading just below $1.40 a pound for September delivery, over twice the marginal cost of production. Just a couple of weeks ago, copper reached a four-year high. This at a time when the marginal cost of production is no more than 60 cents a pound, and just as the world is beginning to add a huge amount of new mine production.

When the crash comes, it should be a good one. There are a lot of brokers on the LME and elsewhere who will have to sell fast on the way down if they are to "delta-hedge" their commitments to their clients. Very educational. —GEKKO

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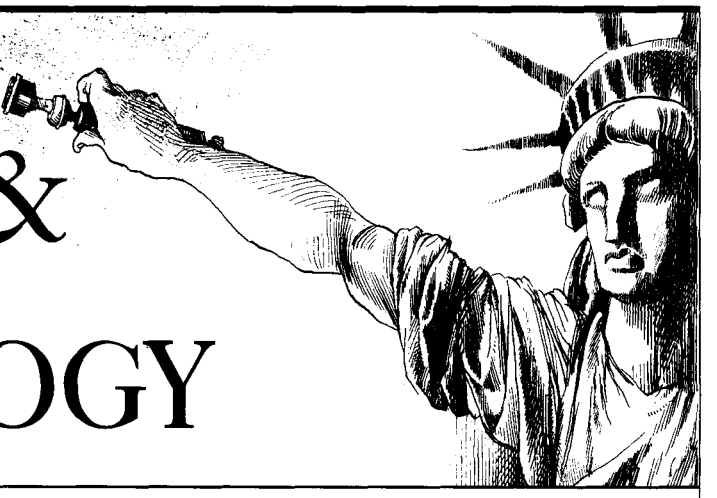
DEFENSE & TECHNOLOGY



Why America Must Remain Number One

MARGARET THATCHER

ONCE a politician is given a public image by the media, it is almost impossible for him to shed it. At every important stage of his career, it steps between him and the public so that people seem to see and hear not the man himself but the invented personality to which he has been reduced.

My public image was on the whole not a disadvantageous one; I was "the Iron Lady," "Battling Maggie," "Attila the Hen," etc. Since these generally gave opponents the impression I was a hard nut to crack, I was glad to be so portrayed, even though no real person could be so single-mindedly tough. In one respect, however, I suffered: whenever the topic of Europe arose, I was usually depicted as a narrow, nostalgic nationalist who could not bear to see the feudal trappings of Britain's *ancien régime* crumble into dust like Miss Havisham's wedding cake, when the sunlight of Europe's rational modernity was turned upon them. I was "isolated," "backward-looking," "rooted in the past," "clinging to the wreckage of Empire," and "obsessed with the outdated notion of sovereignty." And virtually all my statements on Europe were read in that light.

In fact, of the three underlying reasons for my skepticism about European federalism, the most important was that the European Union was an obstacle to fruitful *internationalism*. (The other two were that Britain showed that established and "satisfied" nationalisms were the best building-blocks for international cooperation; and that democracy cannot function in a federal superstate where the multiplicity of languages makes democratic debate and democratic accountability mere slogans.) The European federalists are in fact "narrow internationalists," "little Europeans" who consistently place the interests of the Community above the common interests of the wider international community. The EU came near to sabotaging GATT; it has sparked a series of trade disputes across the Atlantic; it has prolonged the instability of Central and Eastern Europe by maintaining absurdly high trade barriers on their infant export industries; and it threatens to divide NATO with premature and militarily incomprehensible plans to establish a "European pillar" or "European defense identity." And most of these obstructive initiatives make no sense in their own terms; they are launched solely in order to bring nearer the day when "Europe" will be a fully fledged state with its own flag, anthem, army, parliament, government, currency, and eventually, one supposes, people.

I am not alone in warning that this could stimulate both the United States and Japan to safeguard themselves by forming similar protectionist empires. The world might then drift toward an Orwellian future of Oceania, Eurasia, and Eastasia—three mercantilist world empires on increasingly hostile terms. In the process the postwar international institutions that have served us well, like NATO and GATT, would be weakened, pushed aside and eventually made irrelevant. That prospect is still alive and should worry us.

IF WE look ahead still further, to the end of the twenty-first century, an even more alarming (because more unstable) future is on the cards. Consider the number of medium-to-large states that now stand poised on the edge of a free-market revolution: India, China, Brazil, possibly Russia. Add to these the present economic great powers: the United States, Japan, the European Union (or, with only a slight amendment of the scenario, a Franco-German "fast lane" bloc). What we are possibly looking at in 2095 is an unstable world in which there are more than half a dozen "great powers," each with its own clients, all vulnerable if they stand alone, all capable of increasing their power and influence if they form the right kind of alliance, and all engaged willy-nilly in perpetual diplomatic maneuvers to ensure that their relative positions improve rather than deteriorate. In other words, 2095 might look like 1914 played on a somewhat larger stage.

This article is adapted from The Path to Power, *the second installment of Lady Thatcher's memoirs.* *©1995 by Margaret Thatcher. Reprinted by arrangement with HarperCollins Publishers, Inc.*

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Whether your favorite nightmare is Orwell's tripartite division of the spoils or this vision of 1914 revisited, the key to avoiding it is the same. Neither need come to pass if the Atlantic Alliance remains, in essence, America as the dominant power surrounded by allies which, in their own long-term interest, generally follow its lead. Such are the realities of population, resources, technology, and capital that if America remains the dominant partner in a united West, then the West can continue to be the dominant power in the world as a whole. And since collective security can only really be provided if there is a superpower of last resort, the rest of the world (apart from "rogue states" and terrorist groups) would generally support, or at least acquiesce in, such an international structure.

Britain's role in such a structure would, I believe, be a disproportionately influential one. That is not, however, my principal reason for supporting it. My reason is that such a world best meets the needs of international peace and collective prosperity. It would also be a liberal world—politically, economically, and culturally—and far more so than a world dominated by either Asian or Eurasian blocs, remarkable though their achievements have been.

LET ME stress again, however, that it will not come to pass unless America is persuaded to remain the dominant European power militarily and economically. That means we must ensure that American troops remain in Europe for the foreseeable future, and in particular for the next few years, when budgetary pressures will tempt the U.S. to withdraw. In these circumstances, the EU's creeping tendency to establish itself as a separate "third force" risks alienating America and sending the legions home. The stakes are high. And to divide the West and move closer to permanent world instability in order that Europe may enjoy a modest increase in status seems to me the most mischievous and irresponsible form of nationalism.

The best service that can be done by those committed to the ideals of freely cooperating nation states which relish free enterprise and welcome free trade is to gather together all those politicians, jurists, economists, writers, and commentators from the different European states to relaunch a movement for transatlantic cooperation including a wider Europe and the Americas. As I urged in my Bruges speech in 1988:

> Let us have a Europe which plays its full part in the wider world, which looks outward not inward, and which preserves that Atlantic community—that Europe on both sides of the Atlantic—which is our noblest inheritance and our greatest strength. □

Come the Revolution

ELIOT A. COHEN

THE buzzwords haunting the Pentagon today are "revolution in military affairs." The idea, simply put, is that the same technologies that have transformed the American workplace may have no less profound an effect on the American way of war. In this view the information revolution, aided and abetted by advances in the material sciences (such as those which allow the creation of stealthy aircraft or long-endurance cruise missiles), will create a new era of warfare, in which not merely the weapons but also organizations and operational concepts become radically different from what they have been since World War II.

The idea that we are living in a period of revolutionary change in the conduct of war goes back some 15 years, to the writings of a host of senior Soviet officers, including the chief of the General Staff, Nikolai Ogarkov. These Soviet theorists believed that within a decade or two conventional weapons would have the military effects of small nuclear weapons—that is, that a salvo of precision guided weapons, remotely directed, could destroy scores of armored vehicles in minutes, if not seconds. Those targets (which might, they feared, be Soviet tank columns) would be detected and identified from distances of hundreds of miles, and as little as twenty or thirty minutes might pass between when American sensors would locate them and when a lethal hail of missiles would destroy them. In a second stage of change, perhaps in the second or third decade of the next century, these Russian generals anticipated a battlefield dominated by weapons based on "new physical principles"—exotic devices such as lethal lasers or microwave beams that would supplement or even largely replace conventional cannons or bullets.

Such a military–technical revolution was bad news for the Soviets. It threatened that form of warfare in which they were strongest—massed assaults by armies of tanks and infantry fighting vehicles—and emphasized areas (most notably high-tech manufacture) in which they were hopelessly weak. American defense experts, primarily in the Defense Department's Office of Net Assessment, studied these texts and were impressed by their intellectual rigor, which contrasted sharply with the mounting chaos of the final crisis of Communism in Russia. Gradually several American versions of this notion of revolutionary change developed, and the phrase "revolution in military affairs" began creeping into speeches, conference titles, and the annual report of the secretary of defense.

The revolution has attracted a small but influential core of believers, including the vice chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral William Owens; former Deputy Secretary of Defense John Deutsch; and, in a more muted way, Secretary of Defense William Perry. It is also beginning to win over segments of the bureaucracy.

While few publicly dispute the notion of a revolution in military affairs (or RMA, as the predictable acronym goes), anyone who steps into the debate can sense a strong undertow of skepticism. The skeptics include chiefs of services who fear that these notions could lead to cuts in a current force structure that is scanty enough as it is, infantrymen who have deep reservations about the

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relevance of high technology to muddy battlefields, bureaucrats wed to a national-security strategy embodied in the early Clinton Administration's Bottom Up Review (see Andrew Krepinevich, p. 42), diplomats who fear that a smaller "revolutionary" force would be unable to maintain the commitments to keep American soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen overseas. On the basis of numbers, entrenched institutional position, and vested interests, one would have to say the anti-revolutionists have the upper hand—but then, so did the martial nobility of the late Middle Ages that watched their castles succumb to the blows of artillery handled by common civilian contractors.

BUT what does a revolution in military affairs really mean? One way to think about it is to consider the basic counting pieces of military power and ask whether they will continue to exist into the future. In their current forms, the tank, the fighter plane, and the aircraft carrier (to take only three prominent examples) are evolutionary developments from weapon systems that first dominated combat during World War II. They are faster, bigger, more lethal, and more expensive, but their look and even many of the procedures they use to bring firepower to bear resemble those of a half-century ago. One sees here nothing like the break between horse cavalry and armored vehicles, or between wagon trains and military locomotives in earlier periods. The weapons of the present and the future, however—"brilliant" guided missiles and bombs; satellites that gather intelligence, relay communications, and may even serve as platforms for bombarding the earth—do indeed look different. The English military theorist General J. F. C. Fuller once spoke of "the dominant weapon" in support of which all others found their place in military organization. In the past it might have been the tank or the battleship. Today it is much more likely to be the guided cruise missile.

A more subtle but no less profound transformation can be seen in concepts of authority and relationships of command. The tragic shooting down by American fighter planes of the two Army helicopters over Iraq on April 14, 1994, killing all 26 people on board, resulted in the court-martial not of the fighter pilots, but of a captain in a remote flying radar plane, whose chief responsibility was the proper interpretation of symbols appearing on computer screens, and communication based thereon. By deciding to court-martial the captain the Air Force implicitly shattered a fundamental assumption of combat, that a warrior is responsible for the injury his weapons inflict. Today, vast streams of information pour into central command posts, steadily eroding the presumed superior knowledge and discretion of "the man on the spot."

At the same time, the spread of electronic mail undermines traditional hierarchy, as generals realize that they can communicate with majors (and vice versa) without channeling their queries or requests through intermediate layers of bureaucracy. Corporations have felt the full force of the information technologies, and as a result have slashed away at layers of middle management. Military organizations are just beginning to feel its effects. If one were to set the organization chart for, say, an Army corps between that for a mid-century car manufacturer and that for a present-day producer and retailer like Ikea, it would resemble the former far more than the latter.

With changes in organization patterns come changes in human types. The military of the present is dominated by the carrier pilot, the fighter jock, the tanker; the military of the future may be dominated by the computer wizard, the missileer, or the specialist in remote combat who does not yet even have a title. The need for direct combat—infantry combat of the classical type, for example—will surely remain. Indeed, it will develop further, metamorphosing, perhaps, into something much closer to the specialized stalking, reconnaissance, and raiding skills of units such as the American Rangers or British Special Air Service. But the infantryman of the future may look more like something out of Robert A. Heinlein's brilliantly evocative 1959 *Starship Troopers* than like the grunt of World War II or Vietnam. His senses enhanced by thermal imaging gear and other devices, his effective firepower that of all the weapons he can summon with a radio call, his body encased in armor and perhaps even artificially stimulated with the arts of modern biochemistry, he will be an expensive, professional, and highly lethal warrior.

Lest one think that such changes are too fantastic to be serious, one should consider the transformations that have occurred in warfare through the ages. European medieval warfare, centering on the mounted knight, gave way to the professional musket-bearing warriors of the Renaissance and early modern period. The medieval military system rested on a small, extremely expensive warrior elite which had to be trained from youth to bear the burdens of armor and wield the weapons of the knighthood. It did not survive the gunpowder revolution, which democratized war and transformed politics as well. The rulers of Japan in the middle of the seventeenth century stood on the verge of just such a transformation and decided instead to preserve the social order by virtually abolishing the weapons that threatened to undermine it. Such efforts, however, could succeed only in a country that had the will and ability to virtually seal itself off from international politics.

The anti-revolutionists have the upper hand—but then, so did the martial nobility of the late Middle Ages that watched their castles succumb to the blows of artillery.

In 1870 conscript masses of the Prussian and German confederate armies shattered French forces composed of hardy veterans of years of tough campaigning in Algeria. Their triumph was also the triumph of a general-staff system which substituted, in effect, modern management training for intuitive leadership. The Germans ushered in, thereby, an age of industrial warfare which is only now coming to an end. During this period the key to military success has resided in a country's having the ability to mobilize and train its manpower to the fullest, a large and productive military industry to spew out vast quantities of munitions, and a civilian leadership that was prepared to tap all elements of national strength in pursuit of political objectives—in short, the age of total war.

So history does bear out the notion of dramatic transformations of warfare,

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but consummated over periods not of years but decades.

THE military revolution by and large favors the United States. Ours is the most technologically advanced military in the world. At a deeper level, the tendency of Americans to invest disproportionately in personal computers more sophisticated than they need, to sign up for on-line services they may never really master, and to read computer magazines they may not fully understand reveals a restless willingness to embrace the new technology. The military benefits from that technological culture.

There are also risks, however. Our military organizations are understandably rooted in the weapons systems they have mastered, and they don't feel the kind of pressure for radical change that only the existence of a serious competitor provides. Outspending any potential competitor by a factor of four or five, the United States appears to tower over anyone who might challenge us conventionally, while at the same time government is preoccupied with low-technology threats (guerrillas in Bosnia, warlords in Somalia, thugs in Haiti) that are not really amenable to remotely launched cruise missiles. There are, thus, few incentives to exploit the new technologies. On the other hand, these very same technologies are, in many cases, available to potential opponents: not to overwhelm the United States, but to stymie or stalemate us. The strategic objective of America's potential enemies is not to make our overseas intervention impossible, but merely to make it too difficult or too costly. To this end even relatively modest capabilities in the area of anti-ship missiles, mines, and the like can have a useful deterrent effect.

The military revolution makes the spread of military power harder to discern and harder to control. Whereas, in the past, improvements in military performance came chiefly from military technologies, in the future they will come from technologies in the civilian

Past Lessons For the Future of War

EVERY amateur military historian knows that the most disastrous mistakes at the start of a new war are usually made by generals still fighting the last one. Nowadays even military cadets are taught to avoid imitating yesterday's heroes too closely. All eyes are on the future of war. Around the Western world's military academies military history risks going the way of courses on cavalry tactics as high-tech weaponry and post-modern battle tactics take over.

Apart from the study of futuristic warfare, the only growth area in Western military academies is the misnamed "disaster peacekeeping." No one would deny the vital necessity for national security of having a military attuned to the most modern developments (even though some of our governments seem unhappy about paying for them), but essential though it is to prepare for worst-case scenarios, other threats may be more immediate and insidious.

Dealing with future conventional threats may require more attention to traditional military methods and values than much of the hype about post-modern warfare acknowledges. After decades of preparing for Armageddon with the Soviet Union, the West, and above all the United States, has to readjust in order to face a future without an all-or-nothing threat but one filled with threats at a lower level. Even leaving aside nuclear proliferation to arm rogue states, the West faces the challenge of incipient global breakdown around the fringes of civilized society.

Somalia, Bosnia, even Haiti show the difficulties Western democracies face when trying to deal with the current reality that large parts of the globe accept a reversion to warfare as an everyday tool of policy. Edward Luttwak has pointed out that affluent societies in the West today seem incapable of taking annually a few score casualties, which their grandparents shrugged off as the norm for great powers. He suggests that low-birthrate societies cannot face the challenge of fecund and warlike primitives.

Perhaps the ten-child family with stones will outface the single-child family with a Game-Boy, but much of the West's reluctance to take casualties is—to use one of the media's favorite words—"perceived." To be sure, perceptions can be dangerous. Certainly they shape the behavior of friend and foe alike. Still, the low casualty threshold of Western societies may tell us more about the media elite than about the ordinary people who provide the troops. The birthrate of belligerent Bosnian Serbs, for instance, is lower than that of pacifist Swedes.

Of course Luttwak's one-child-pacifist syndrome makes sense for the sort of opinion-makers who have many more divorces than children, but our soldiers still tend to come from the poorer and more fertile sections of society. The establishment may no longer view the poor as cannon fodder—which is very decent of it—but what the Duke of Wellington proudly called the "scum of the earth" keep turning up to put on their country's uniform.

The West's increasingly professional armed forces ought to be the ideal instruments for dealing with the growing disorders on the fringes of the civilized world. On the whole the sort of people who join up are risk-takers. Unfortunately, their masters are not.

The political framework for war is often overlooked by military planners. They look almost exclusively at technology, logistics, and other practical problems. But the causes of any given conflict are likely to shape its form and conduct decisively.

Around the edge of the old Soviet Union, across Africa, even between Ecuador and Peru, but above all in ex-Yugoslavia, small wars are being fought with weapons and methods which seem throwbacks to previous epochs in military history rather than a new step on the road toward ultimate combat. Yet they also pose problems which the NATO-trained forces seem ill prepared for. Brought up in the comfortable orthodoxies of massively intense conflict across the north German plain against

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realm. Commercial firms now make available satellite pictures of a clarity that only American and possibly Soviet intelligence services could have mastered two decades ago. Even flight simulators are being paced not by air forces but by commercial airlines, or even entertainment companies fitting out arcades for teenagers thirsting for mock combat. Increasingly what makes a weapon effective is not the visible platform, but the electronics and various add-ons that may be difficult to penetrate. For example, several countries now offer a complete remake of the MiG-21 fighter, a Soviet aircraft from the 1960s that in its original configuration would be virtually useless in modern combat. With new engines, cockpit, avionics, and weapons, it has gained a new lease on life. Moreover, the end of the Cold War has created overcapacity among defense contractors, diminished inhibitions about selling weapons to almost any country, and created dislocations in the former Soviet Union that have led many defense scientists to offer their services to the highest bidder. Instead of smaller countries' armies resembling, more or less, those of their superpower patrons and allies, they will increasingly be collages of technology and organizational forms, difficult to assess and predict.

The problem, in other words, is that should the United States ever face a determined enemy, we may find ourselves up against sophisticated threats which we do not fully understand. It is worth remembering that Japan in the 1930s was, by every standard economic and industrial measure, vastly inferior to the United States. It is not inconceivable that similar, if less dramatic, threats could emerge no less suddenly in the future. If the United States wishes to avoid that kind of challenge, it might have to look at a very different kind of military from the one that it has now.

IT IS impossible to say precisely what a new force structure based on thorough exploitation of the new technologies will look like. One

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the Red Army, NATO's senior officers have been flummoxed by the demands of peacekeeping in Bosnia.

After Vietnam, counter-insurgency went out of fashion. Only the diehards who argued that "the U.S. Army could have won, if only . . ." continued to try to learn the lessons of that war. Any ambitious officer anxious to rise to the top of the military, even one with Vietnam experience, knew that a blanket condemnation of ever getting drawn into a "quagmire" again was what was expected of him.

The restraints of dealing with disgruntled British citizens in Ulster who had to be handled with kid gloves taught a similar lesson to the upwardly mobile in the British army.

In the past, Western leaders knew how to deal with rogue states, then called pirates, or savages. Their armed forces welcomed the chance to prove their prowess on the battlefield or at sea against brave but uncivilized foes. Ending slavery, piracy, or religious persecution was widely popular.

The simultaneous collapse of traditional civil authority in significant areas around the world has been matched by the loss of confidence of the democratic core-states in their right, if not their duty, to uphold civilized values.

Even dealing with openly criminal groups like drug dealers, let alone terrorists, has become infinitely more difficult as campaigning lawyers convert them from classic outlaws into people with rights. War involves killing the enemy, but a man with rights is not an enemy until proved guilty.

The undermining of confidence in Western values has cut to the core of the North Atlantic community's capacity to handle the reversion to savagery around its fringe. The more the West is seen not to take sides, even rhetorically, against ethnic cleansing, and the more its representatives dignify the bandit chieftains as leaders with whom one negotiates and has a group portrait taken, the less easy it is to justify the use of force.

THE multiculturalists and Western self-haters like to portray the age of Western predominance as universally bad. By doing so, they have helped to revive many of the features of a world before the globalization of values imposed from the West.

To be sure, large areas of the globe rejected them in practice, but the breakdown into a pre-modern chaos is a post–Cold War phenomenon. Precisely in these circumstances, much of the world calls out for the ultimate bogeyman of the politically correct, a world policeman.

In the nineteenth century, the British Empire, and to some extent the United States too, acted to quell the most serious atrocities and threats to regional security. It was not necessary to occupy the globe to achieve that. Making examples made the point.

Today's indecision and neurotic concern with potential low-level risks rather than gains has rendered the West more vulnerable to precisely the terroristic and random threats which it wishes to avoid. Instead of using small numbers of highly trained and well-armed forces to demonstrate the limits of lawlessness, the West has satisfied itself with the synthetic heroes of peacekeeping, where there usually is no peace.

A serious study of the diplomacy and tactics of colonial warfare in the nineteenth century would do more good for the world and better prepare our armed forces for their immediate challenge than any number of lectures on the virtues of UN peacekeeping. For once, our generals should have their eyes fixed on the methods of their successful predecessors rather than locked onto the imaginary scenarios of the future.

The greatest lesson we could learn is that the willingness to accept light losses on fringe battlefields is good for our morale and bad for the enemy, actual or potential. Most disturbers of the peace on a small scale are opportunistic and likely to remain so. What they fear is not Marines engaged as sitting ducks in fixed-position peacekeeping as in Beirut in 1983, but rapid and decisive intervention forces who come not to mediate but to terminate aggression or terror.

Force has usually proved a more powerful civilizing weapon than sweet reason. In the near future it could do so again. If a policy of reasonableness for its own sake predominates, then the West is likely to wake up one morning not with low-intensity small wars to worry about but with a very big headache. Leaving the small-time challengers to cock a snook could yet persuade a much more powerful challenger to enter the arena. —MARK ALMOND

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necessary step, however, will be a willingness to denominate military power in new ways. In an age of stand-off weapons and remotely piloted vehicles, for example, traditionally defined Air Force "wings" may not be the best metric of military power. The Army division—a formation of some 20,000 soldiers, which in its organizing concept is a half-century old or more—may not be the best way of measuring ground power. These are more than semantic problems, because the defense establishment will have a natural inclination to measure its success by its ability to fund its current force structure, as opposed to developing new ones. Moreover, it is a strategic imperative that we understand fully what our military power really means. The United States paid no big price for its gross overestimation of Iraqi military power in advance of the Gulf War. In the future, however, when the United States will not have Cold War-sized forces to bring to bear in such a situation, it cannot afford to hold itself hostage to assessments of military power that do not adequately take into account new weapons and forms of warfare.

It is virtually certain that the new military will be smaller—smaller even than the 1.4-million-man-and-woman force promised by the Clinton Administration. Barring a sudden infusion of funds (which appears unlikely, even if the Republicans regain control of the White House), the United States will have to shrink military manpower much further if it is to put together the military of the twenty-first century. Ultimately, this may put pressure on our commitments overseas. In East Asia, for example, the recent announcement that we would keep 100,000 troops stationed in the Pacific was warmly greeted as a symbol of American determination to shape the Asian security environment. It is indeed such, and in that narrow sense a good thing. Unfortunately, the chances are high that Asian countries will henceforth judge America's military commitment to the Pacific by the number of people we keep physically in the region. For foreign-policy purposes, therefore, we are committed to a measure of military power—numbers of people in uniform—more appropriate to the early nineteenth than to the early twenty-first century.

The transformation of the American military is, in some respects, already under way from within. The changes, however, will be incremental and possibly inadequate unless they are pushed by assertive civilian leadership working closely with those in the services who wish to see substantial change. Left to their own devices, the bulk of the uniformed military will, understandably and appropriately, concentrate on their numerous tasks of the moment, on the threats of the next year or two, and on the systems and organizational constructs they know best. Moreover, it is civilian political leadership alone that can limit the current intense operational requirements that eat up the resources of the armed forces. And, ultimately, it is the civilian leadership of the Department of Defense that is responsible to the American people for seeing that tomorrow's military is at least as well suited to its tasks as yesterday's was. □

Why We Need A Missile Shield

STEPHEN J. HADLEY

THE GULF WAR was a wake-up call for ballistic-missile defense. With Iraq's air force knocked out on the first day, ballistic missiles were the only way it could attack the territory of the nations arrayed against it, especially Saudi Arabia. A single Iraqi ballistic missile accounted for 20 per cent of all U.S. combat fatalities in that war.

Iraq also sent missiles raining down on Israeli cities, in hopes of provoking Israel's entry into the war and the subsequent defection of Arab states unwilling to be part of a coalition including Israel. This strategy undoubtedly would have succeeded had the United States not deployed Patriot missiles to defend Israel. Despite hundreds of sorties, U.S. aircraft simply could not find the mobile launchers from which Iraq launched its missiles. Not a single one was destroyed from the air. Although not designed to defend urban areas, the Patriots were our only available countermeasure, and they knocked down a sufficient number of ballistic missiles to defeat the Iraqi strategy by permitting Israel to stay out of the war.

We could face even more serious threats in the future. By the end of the decade, we could see over 20 countries with ballistic missiles, 9 with nuclear weapons, 10 with biological weapons, and up to 30 with chemical weapons.

The threat presented by ballistic missiles armed with weapons of mass destruction can arise quickly. While it takes a long time to develop such weapons from scratch, they can be easily transferred from a state already possessing them. China has supplied ballistic missiles to Syria and Pakistan. North Korea has offered Libya and Iran its new Nodong I missile with a range of over 600 miles. From those countries a Nodong could reach cities in France, Italy, Greece, and Turkey; from North Korea itself, the missile could reach Japan. North Korea is developing two missiles with ranges that unofficial sources place as exceeding 1,200 and 2,000 miles, respectively. The latter may put cities in Alaska and Hawaii within reach of North Korea.

It is not just that ballistic-missile capability can spread quickly. It is also that hostile states can emerge with little warning. Who would have thought in the fall of 1989 that we would be at war with Iraq just one year later? In 1987, China began delivering its 1,700-mile-range CSS-2 missile to Saudi Arabia. If its current government were replaced by a radical fundamentalist regime, Saudi Arabia could pose a direct threat to Israel.

FORTUNATELY, our nation seems to have learned the lessons of the Gulf War when it comes to defending our overseas troops and

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our allies against ballistic missiles. A broad consensus supports congressional funding for such theater missile defense (TMD) systems. An upgrade to the Patriot (PAC 3) will enhance protection of critical targets by the late 1990s. A Theater High Altitude Air Defense (THAAD) system will protect broad geographic areas (including both military forces and cities) after the year 2000. A TMD system on Navy Aegis ships (the Navy Lower Tier) will protect coastal installations and military forces going ashore beginning in the late 1990s. We can dramatically enhance the effectiveness of these systems by placing sensors in space ("Brilliant Eyes").

But the lessons of the Gulf War have not been learned when it comes to defending the American people at home. Put simply, the United States has no means to defend its own territory against ballistic missiles. The long-range missiles required to fly over the oceans that protect our shores will fly too fast to be intercepted by Patriot, THAAD, or Navy Lower Tier. While research is under way, no defense against such missiles currently is being built.

The risk that we may someday face such missiles is real. It is true that their longer range makes their development technically more challenging. But the risk of transfer is much the same as for shorter-range missiles. Japan, India, and Brazil all have or are developing ballistic missiles for launching space satellites. Russia may sell a "space launch" version of its most modern ballistic missile (the SS-25). China may sell similar space-launch versions of its missiles. While they are sold for space launch, no technical barrier will prevent these missiles from being used to deliver weapons.

We should not wait until such threats actually materialize. The National Security Committee of the U.S. House of Representatives has proposed deploying ground-based interceptors at one or more sites in the United States. This would cost an estimated $5 to 15 billion, and the sites could begin operation in 4 to 7 years.

Interim protection could be achieved by following the recommendation of the Heritage Foundation's Team B report. It suggests taking the Navy's more advanced TMD system (the Navy Upper Tier) and optimizing its capability against longer-range ballistic missiles. This would take advantage of the nearly $50 billion already invested in building the fleet of Aegis ships. At an additional cost estimated at $2 to $3 billion, this approach could provide protection to the American people beginning in three or four years.

The lessons of the Gulf War have not been learned when it comes to defending the American people at home.

Although this is not a return to Ronald Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, which envisioned a substantial defense against Soviet ballistic missiles, it is a modest program providing a thin layer of protection against the ballistic missiles of the Irans and Iraqs of the world. Those who suggest that this approach is a return to "Star Wars" are either woefully uninformed or engaged in willful mischaracterization.

WHAT are the principal arguments against this self-evidently sensible approach? There are six:

1. *We have more critical priorities. Social Security, education, and health care must come first.*

We are currently engaged in an unprecedented debate on national priorities and the role of the Federal Government. But certainly if there is one preeminently federal function, it is to defend the country against external attack. Few modes of attack could be more devastating than ballistic missiles armed with weapons of mass destruction. What could be a higher priority for our national leadership than defense against such an attack? Especially when the dollar amounts are relatively modest.

2. *No one would dare attack America. We would retaliate with overwhelming military force. This will deter any potential adversary from attacking us.*

Maybe—or maybe not. We have seen fanatical terrorist groups and even fanatical national leaders ready to sacrifice themselves and their nation's well-being for a cause. And on the other hand, our own actions are by no means certain. Would we really retaliate if a single ballistic missile armed with only a conventional warhead (not a weapon of mass destruction) struck a single American city doing little damage? But would not such an attack have a devastating impact on public willingness to risk further attacks—attacks which the next time could involve chemical, biological, or even nuclear weapons?

The risk is of blackmail, of a hostile state invading its neighbors and telling the United States to stay out or risk an attack on its own cities. Would we have come to the aid of Kuwait if Saddam Hussein could have made such a threat? Would we come to the aid even of a close ally like Israel? The danger is that

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we will be deterred—from defending our interests, from standing by our allies.

3. *There are easier ways to deliver weapons of mass destruction. Such weapons could be hidden in commercial aircraft flying to the United States or smuggled into the country in shipping containers. A nuclear weapon could be fashioned Oklahoma City-style into a truck bomb. Chemical weapons could be discharged Tokyo-*

The Information Opportunity

TAKING advantage of the information revolution during the Persian Gulf War, General Norman Schwarzkopf knew his stealth fighters had destroyed their first targets in Baghdad when CNN's Baghdad reporters went off the air because they had lost the satellite uplink carrying their reports to the world. By contrast, when Andrew Jackson's forces defeated the British on January 8, 1815, in the largest battle of the War of 1812, they contributed nothing to the war's outcome: negotiators had ended the conflict two weeks earlier. Unfortunately, word of the peace didn't reach Washington until February 13.

For most of human history, communication was limited to the speed of the fastest horse or an occasional signaling system. The "information revolution" began in 1842 when Congress paid Samuel Morse $30,000 to run an experimental telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore. Two years later, Morse inaugurated the first practical means of using electricity to send messages long distances nearly instantaneously with the astonished invocation, "What hath God wrought!"

In 1876, Alexander Graham Bell called his assistant in the next room over the first prototype of a practical telephone. Western Union, which had invested considerable sums in wiring the United States to use Mr. Morse's telegraph, turned down his offer to sell the patent for $100,000, demonstrating that we often fail to recognize the portent of new technologies when they first arrive.

Electronic communication evolved steadily until 1962, when AT&T placed Telstar 1, the first commercially financed active communication satellite, in orbit. At the time, the transatlantic cable could carry just 138 conversations between Europe and North America. With the advent of the communication satellite, it became possible to send massive amounts of information overseas instantly. Now, some 145 commercial communication satellites carry millions of conversations between parties virtually anywhere in the world.

Tied to modern computing and data-storage technologies, communication satellites launched a virtual revolution in the way human affairs are governed. Today, an entrepreneur in Pennsylvania can tap the venture-capital resources of Japan to employ people in Florida making products for sale to Europe. As Walter Wriston, former chairman of Citicorp noted, the daily volume of trading on the U.S. foreign-exchange market rose from just $10 billion in 1980 to $183 billion by 1989.

Meanwhile, states lost their monopoly on the control of information. Consequently, totalitarian states lost the ability to dictate "truth"—one of the causes of the breakup of the Soviet Union.

Future prospects for the information revolution appear even brighter. Several private companies plan to launch constellations of low-earth-orbit communication satellites that will further reduce the cost of communication by portable phone. One system, Teledesic, is expected to have some 840 satellites capable of carrying some 9.6 million simultaneous conversations between virtually any two points on earth.

The tangential benefits of the information revolution are also impressive. Tapping private-sector resources to develop space commercially will bring new revenue streams into space activity and strengthen the U.S. aerospace industry, reducing government's need to finance all the overhead needed to conduct federal space missions. The government will become a consumer of space services, instead of a provider. This has already happened in the communication industry; during the Persian Gulf War, 24 per cent of U.S. military long-haul communications were routed through commercial satellites, and DoD's demands for satellite communication are expected to quintuple by 2010. Use of existing and planned commercial satellite systems will enable the military to meet many of its low- to medium-priority communication requirements without the exorbitant cost of designing, building, launching, and operating its own satellites.

The military would not be the only beneficiary of private investment in space. NASA's Mission to Planet Earth (MTPE), for example, could meet its scientific goals at a substantially reduced cost by exploiting private-sector investments in earth remote sensing satellites and geographic information systems (GIS). Already, at least four U.S. firms are financing, designing, and preparing to launch their own remote sensing satellites to gather high-quality data about cloud formation, surface reflectivity, ocean activity, and ice-sheet formation that will help scientists better understand the planet we inhabit.

So far, unfortunately, MTPE seems bent on reinventing techniques for data storage, retrieval, and analysis that the GIS industry is well on the way to creating privately. If it continues on that course, MTPE will not only waste federal resources building satellites to collect data available in the private sector, it could also drive commercial firms out of the earth remote sensing business, undermining federal efforts to promote creation of private-sector jobs in commercial space activity and world leadership in this industry. Instead of proceeding blindly with MTPE, NASA needs to learn from the success of satellite communication and foster development of private-sector activities that will lower government costs.

We are in the midst of an information revolution that many believe will have an impact as far-reaching and dynamic as that of the industrial revolution. When we recognize and act on the potential for this momentous change, Mr. Morse's awestruck reflection will pale in comparison to our own sense of wonder.

—ROBERT S. WALKER

Congressman Walker is chairman of the House Science Committee.

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style into subways. Biological weapons could be even easier to disseminate.

But why is this an argument against ballistic-missile defense? We make great efforts to cope with these other kinds of threats. We have anti-aircraft weapons to shoot down hostile aircraft. We suspend commercial flights from potentially hostile countries. The immigration and customs services monitor people and goods coming into the United States. Law-enforcement agencies seek to identify terrorist groups and to step in before they act. Our tools may be woefully inadequate, but we make considerable efforts.

Not so in defending the country against ballistic-missile attack. We agreed not to deploy a national defense against long-range ballistic missiles when we entered into the Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) Treaty with the Soviet Union in 1972. That we cannot fully defend the nation against other kinds of threats is no reason to do nothing about long-range ballistic missiles. Especially since this is an area where we *can* do something significant.

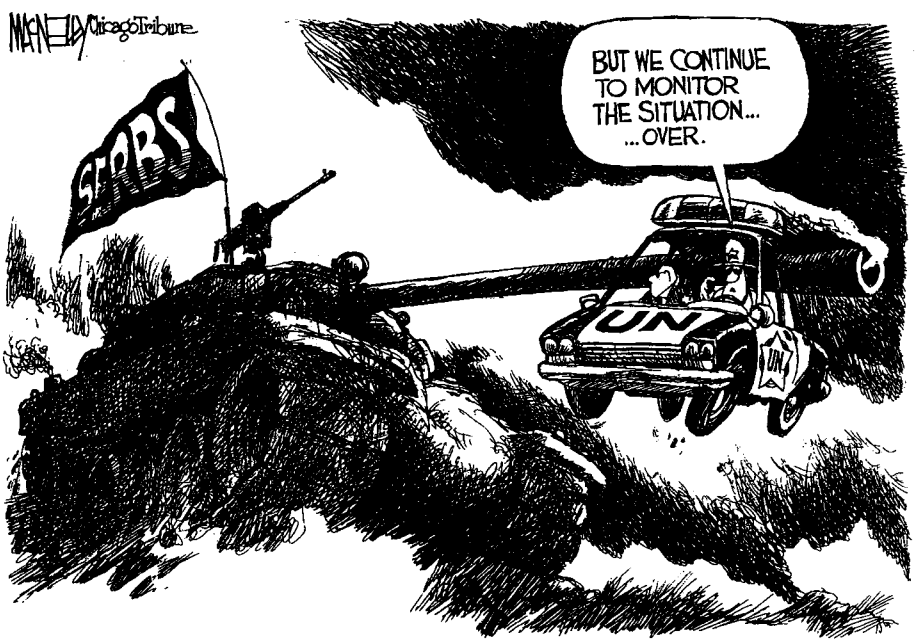
4. *Building defenses will harm our efforts to prevent the spread of these weapons, by suggesting that we are not serious about stopping it. If other nations do not believe we are serious, they will not be either.*

But we have to be realistic. The ability to build ballistic missiles and the weapons they might carry has *already* spread to several countries hostile to us. To show that we can defend ourselves against these weapons will actually strengthen our efforts to discourage their spread. For defenses will deprive these weapons of the potentially decisive political and military benefit that now makes them so irresistibly attractive. By reducing their value, we reduce the incentive to acquire them.

5. *Building defenses will unsettle our allies. We will be protecting ourselves while leaving them exposed. This will confirm their worst fears about U.S. isolationism on the one hand or unilateral U.S. interventionism on the other.*

Nonsense. Our development of defenses can make a significant contribution to the global effort of like-minded states to deal with the spread of ballistic missiles and weapons of mass destruction. We made Patriots available to Saudi Arabia, Israel, and Turkey in the Gulf War. We have encouraged our allies to build their own defenses while offering to include Russia and the other states of the former Soviet Union in those efforts. On June 16, 1992, President Bush and President Yeltsin agreed that their two countries should work with other interested states on a concept for a global defense, to protect the world community from the tyranny of ballistic missiles.

6. *We will violate the ABM Treaty and provoke a crisis with Russia. The Russians will read our building of defenses as a signal that we regard them as an enemy, returning our relations to the days of Cold War confrontation. It will make impossible any further reduction in the number of nuclear forces possessed by the two sides. For the Russians will fear that at lower numbers the United States could build defenses that would neutralize the whole Russian nuclear arsenal while leaving Russia still vulnerable to our nuclear weapons.*



The truth is that the ABM Treaty simply does not fit today's world. It sought to prevent massive nuclear war between the United States and the Soviet Union by ensuring that both sides would be annihilated in the process. But the Cold War is over. We no longer fear a massive Russian nuclear attack. The ABM Treaty meanwhile prevents both the United States and Russia from dealing with a common national-security problem.

Both nations must worry about ballistic missiles launched from other potentially hostile nations. Indeed, the threat is greater for Russia, since most of the countries of concern (Iraq, Iran, North Korea) are closer to its borders. U.S. Government officials have pointed this out to the Russian military on numerous occasions, and they agree.

It is time for both the United States and Russia to move beyond the ABM Treaty. Contrary to common belief, the ABM Treaty did not prohibit the parties from deploying anti-ballistic missile defenses on their respective homelands. They retained the right under the Treaty to build limited defenses at two sites (later reduced by agreement to one). While the United States elected not to deploy any defenses, the Soviet Union built and Russia continues to maintain an ABM system to defend Moscow.

What both nations need now, however, is not limited defenses of specific sites but a thin layer of protection for the entire country. Whether our version was based on the Navy Upper Tier or on a limited ground-based deployment, these defenses would not have sufficient technical capability or sufficient numbers to defeat the Russian nuclear deterrent at levels even lower than those negotiated to date.

The United States should begin to build its limited defenses unconstrained by the ABM treaty. At the same time, we should assist Russia (and other former Soviet republics) in building similar defenses as part of a broader cooperation with friends and allies on a global protection system. In due course, Russia should adopt our view that the ABM Treaty must not be allowed to stand in the way of such deployments. If it re-

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fuses to do so, however, we must build our defenses even if it means withdrawing from the Treaty altogether. For if a Saddam Hussein is one day able to threaten the U.S. homeland with a ballistic missile, the American people will simply not accept the explanation that a 25-year-old treaty with a nation that no longer exists prevented our national leaders from defending them. □

Will NATO Survive?

PETER W. RODMAN

THERE are really two questions here: First, *should* NATO survive? And second, will it? It is easier to answer a firm yes to the first question than to the second.

Lord Ismay, NATO's first secretary general, made the famous (or infamous) wisecrack that the purpose of the North Atlantic Alliance was to keep the Americans in Europe, the Russians out, and the Germans down. The reference to our democratic German ally is invidious and a distortion, but Lord Ismay was not wrong to touch on the three elements of the Alliance's geopolitical purpose: to ensure an American military presence in Europe, as a counterweight to Russian power, and as an ultimate reassurance of Germany's benign place in the Western security system. Obviously the Russian threat has receded, but the structural problem of European security turns out to be a major intellectual and political challenge in the new era nonetheless. Not in fifty years, in fact, has there been such fluidity and uncertainty about European arrangements. The stabilizing functions of the Alliance turn out to be still valuable—indeed, there is no adequate substitute—especially with respect to both post-Communist Russia and newly unified Germany.

Bismarck reputedly once said: Russia is never as strong, or as weak, as it appears. This was wise. Today's East–West balance of power on the Continent is a benign one, with the Red Army out of Central and Eastern Europe and with U.S. forces in Europe reduced by two-thirds. Nevertheless, the principle of equilibrium must still be observed. Russia is a huge concentration of power on the Eurasian landmass; it has been a clumsy and erratic factor in European politics for all modern history, even before the Bolsheviks and thermonuclear weapons. Today, Russia's military might is much reduced but still out of proportion to that of its neighbors. Its domestic evolution is uncertain, to put it mildly, and it has been throwing its weight around in its immediate neighborhood. There is no adequate counterweight without an American security presence in Western Europe, and even the most positive future relationship between Russia and the West depends on this.

Whether to enlarge NATO is a separate question. The geopolitical logic of doing so is not to respond to any immediate Russian threat but to erase any ambiguity about the outcome of 1989: Central Europe now consists of free and independent states that have chosen to be part of the West; Russian acceptance of this is the sine qua non of any relationship with the West. Extension of NATO's security umbrella eastward is not a change in the present status quo but a necessary consolidation of it.

Germany, as noted above, has been a faithful democratic ally for forty years. It has also become the dominant economic power in Europe. Historically, economic strength has always translated sooner or later into military strength. What has, uniquely in history, divorced German (and Japanese) economic power from any security implications has been Germany's (and Japan's) tight military link with the United States. Everybody has gained from this bargain: Germany and Japan have been free to develop economically without raising fears of more problematic forms of hegemony; Europe and Asia have gained a vital reassurance. That is one reason for the Germans' eagerness now to enlarge NATO: they are wise enough to see that their own activism in Central Europe has different implications if it is part of a collective presence from the ones it would have if Germany were acting unilaterally.

Despite some illusions in Brussels, the European Union cannot perform this function of anchoring Germany to the Western *security* framework. Germany, now unified, is even stronger—and more assertive—than before. The French strategy of taming Germany though monetary union and a European army is an empty one; all it has done is strangle the French economy and dilute Germany's commitment to NATO. It is not only the small states of Eastern and Central Europe that would be left vulnerable without the Americans; *Western* Europe too would become unhinged without the American security presence.

To state all this is not to make an ethnic slur against Russians' or Germans' moral qualities, but to define a structural problem—one of disproportionate power that needs to be counterbalanced. This is the geopolitical function that the Alliance has performed successfully since it was founded. The need has not disappeared.

THE debate over NATO's enlargement is taking place in a decidedly uncongenial environment, as its cohesion is weakened by U.S. troop cuts, proliferating disputes (Bosnia, Iran, Iraq, trade), and feeble leadership in key capitals. The telling point has been made that for the Alliance to expand in these circumstances is like a couple whose marriage is in trouble deciding to have a baby in the hope that it will save the relationship.

The glue of an obvious and immediate military threat is gone. On both sides of the ocean, popular pressures work against the Alliance. Some question why any U.S. troops are needed; others are preoccupied with the disputes that tear away at any lingering sense of common interest. Even Europeans who value the American connection begin to doubt our staying power and look for hedges: thus the periodic, though so far ineffectual, moves toward a European army.

Preserving the Alliance, however, remains the preference of all the allied governments. It is, after all, the natural grouping of the Western democracies—the partners we turn to first in a crisis. The realities of Russia and Germany will, over time, reawaken consciousness

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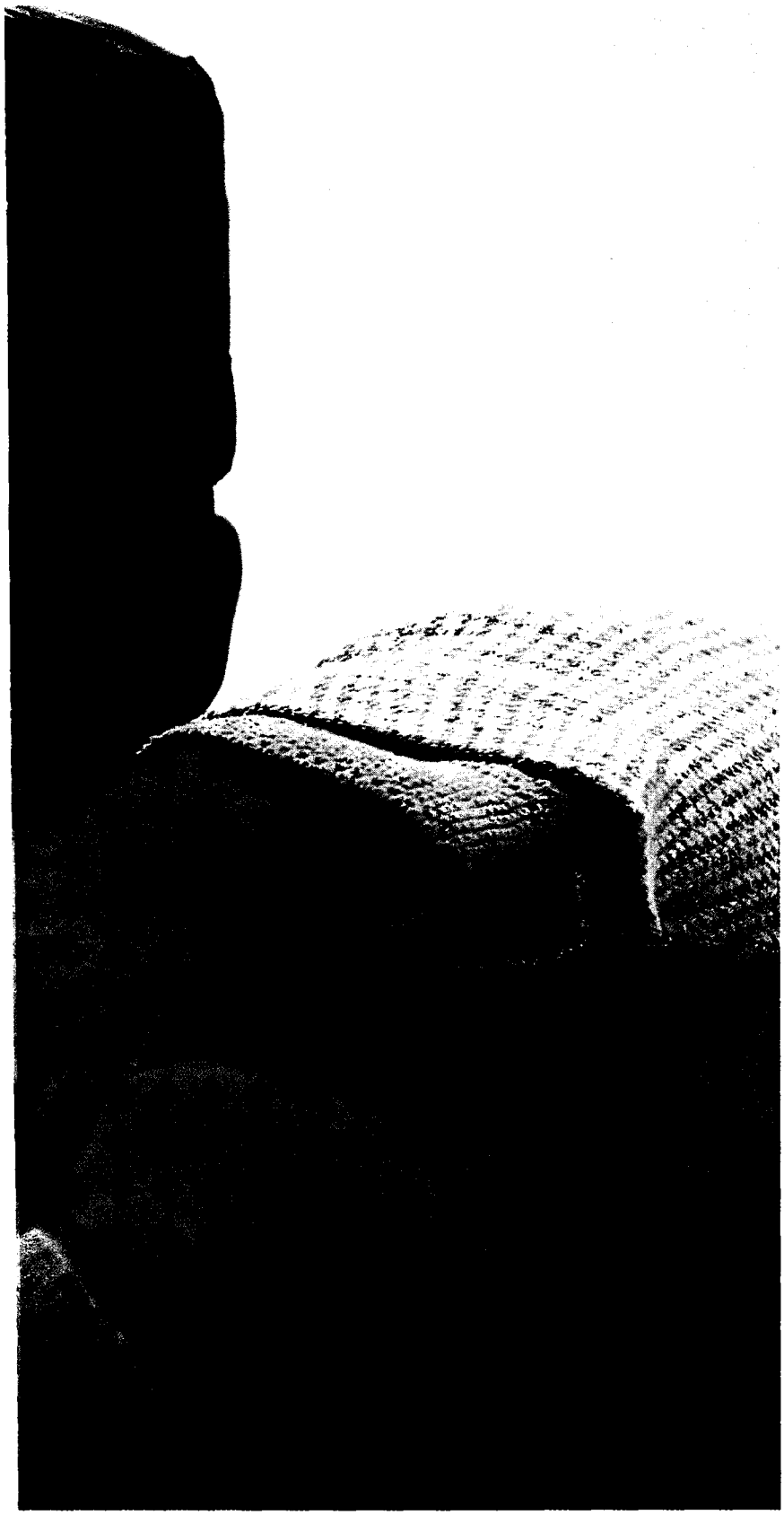

She spends her nights wondering.

Is he alive?

Is he safe?

Is he afraid?

Is he still the little boy who asked me to protect him from the monsters under his bed?

And not until he is safely in her arms again, does she dare whisper,

Welcome home, my baby.

As long as there are loved ones to protect, we think national defense should be a top priority. Raytheon. Commercial and defense electronics, engineering and construction, aircraft, and appliances.

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EXPECT GREAT THINGS

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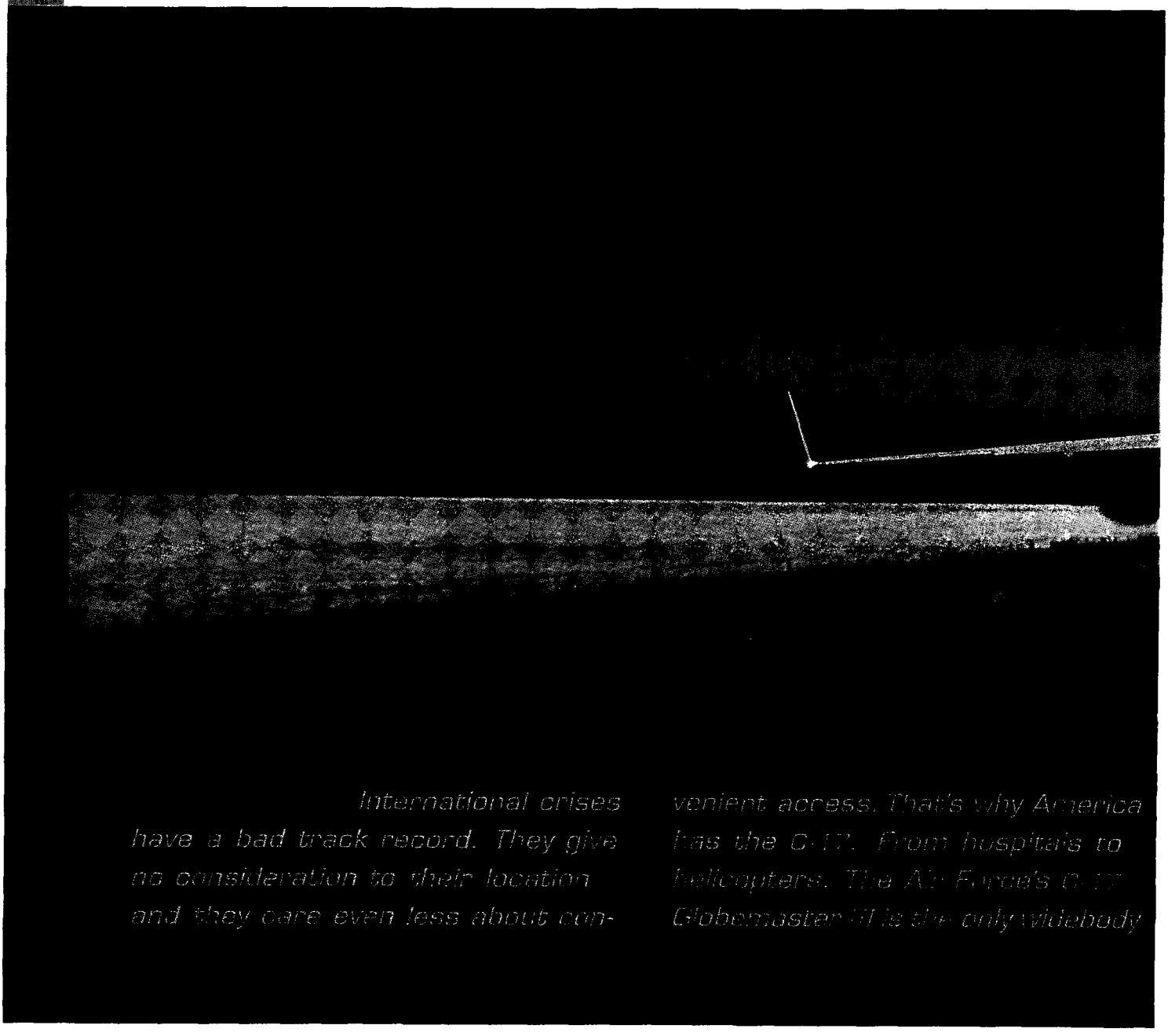

International crises have a bad track record. They give no consideration to their location and they care even less about convenient access. That's why America has the C-17. From hospitals to helicopters. The Air Force's C-17 Globemaster III is the only widebody

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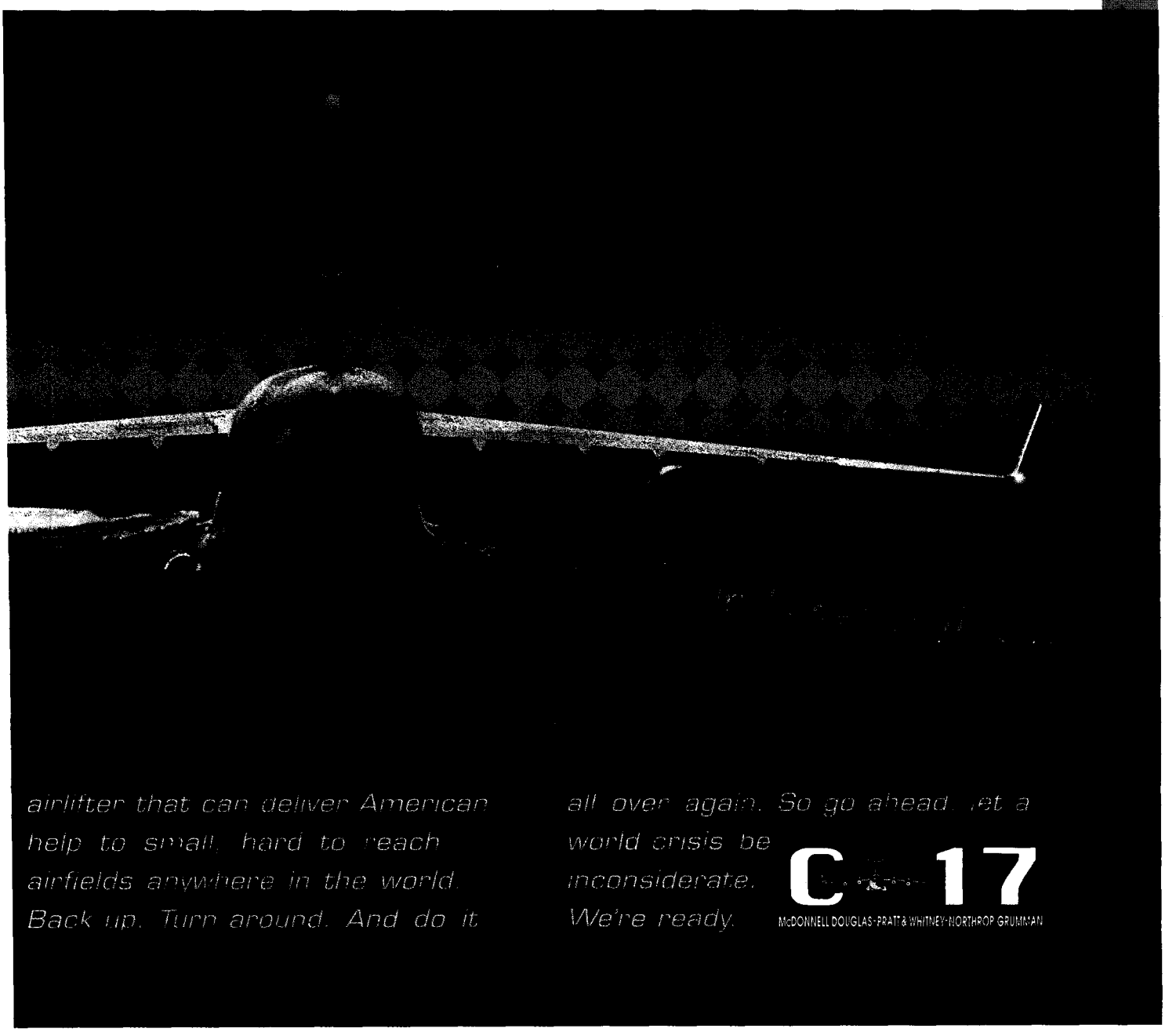
A world crisis doesn't care about time, location or the length of its runway.



airlifter that can deliver American help to small, hard to reach airfields anywhere in the world. Back up. Turn around. And do it all over again. So go ahead. Let a world crisis be inconsiderate. We're ready.

C-17

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of the underlying geopolitical necessity. The Alliance can be saved from its infirmities.

What is required for this is, above all, a reinvigorated and coherent American policy. This means no further reductions below 100,000 troops; it means a foreign policy that shows more respect for allies' interests (in, e.g., Northern Ireland and Algeria); it means bolder U.S. leadership in finding a decisive way of ending the Bosnian agony instead of prolonging it. (Here, especially, NATO —not the UN—is the preferable mechanism for Western cooperation.)

What Ever Happened to The Red Army?

IN the good old days (or bad, depending on whether you were sitting in the Kremlin or the White House) there was a fearsome military machine known collectively as the Red Army. The Cold War was on and the existence of that fearsome machine appeared to threaten to turn it into a hot one, generally thought of as the "nuclear holocaust." (Those were somewhat emotional days.)

One could never rule out the possibility that some maniac in the Kremlin might press the fatal button, but the possibility of a "holocaust" was probably remote. Until 1977–78, that is. In that period, the Soviet Union started deploying a sophisticated Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile (IRBM) called the SS-20, which was capable of destroying all NATO's military installations in, say, 45 minutes. Because the SS-20 could not have reached U.S. targets, it did not qualify for the strategic ICBM (Intercontinental Ballistic Missile) label: a dangerous terminological slip.

Those days now seem distant. Fortunately for the world, the aged trio of Soviet leaders in that period (Brezhnev, Andropov, and Chernenko) didn't exploit their temporary strategic advantage, and President Reagan outstared the charismatic Gorbachev, having understood (as Jimmy Carter notably failed to do) that the U.S. could afford to stay in the strategic race, while the Soviet Union could not. Hence, it became the ex–Soviet Union.

And now? Even before the collapse, the rot was gathering speed and malignancy (hence the collapse). The Soviet armed forces—at that time still (on paper) the mightiest military machine in history—were in disarray. In 1989 no fewer that 59 Soviet Army officers were murdered. Unofficial "national armies" had been set up in Armenia, Georgia, and Azerbaijan, and a state of incipient civil war had developed. Indeed, corruption was reported to be rife in the KGB's Third Chief Directorate (whose job was to spy on the armed forces), and the army was thought to be out of control.

When the crunch came, with the attempted hard-line coup of August 1991, Boris Yeltsin had to make sure that at least one section of the divided army would be on his side. He tells the story in the second part of his autobiography, *The View from the Kremlin* (1994). Shortly before the coup, he dropped in on the Tula Division, a model regiment of paratroopers, and asked the commander, General Pavel Grachev, whether he (Yeltsin) could rely on him in the event of a threatened coup. This was an inspired move, and when the crisis broke, Grachev stood by him.

As Yeltsin put it (page 59): "at the moment there were really two armies. One . . . [was] the highly professional units that had served in Afghanistan, an army of the highest world standard. The other was the gigantic 'kitchen garden' army, many millions strong, used for harvesting crops, repairing roads, . . . although mainly it served itself."

Recent history repeated itself in the autumn crisis of 1993, when the hard-liners controlling the Russian parliament (confusingly known as the White House) rebelled. Pavel Grachev, by now defense minister, called 1,300 troops into Moscow, including some from the Dzerzhinsky division (named, ironically, after Lenin's first head of the Cheka, forerunner of the KGB) and various paratroop units. This "real" army kept Yeltsin in power.

In international terms, however, the ex-Soviet forces had gone through a series of forced withdrawals which inevitably contributed to the general demoralization. Germany was a particularly difficult case. As early as December 1988, nearly a year before the demolition of the Berlin Wall, President Mikhail Gorbachev, in a speech to the UN General Assembly, had announced that a total of 50,000 troops and 5,000 tanks would be withdrawn from East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary. That pullout began, was halted in May 1990, but then resumed in September 1990.

On September 7, 1993, the 54th anniversary of the Soviet invasion of Poland, the withdrawal of the last Russian troops from Polish soil was celebrated in a special ceremony. There was symbolism of a different kind in the departure on June 30, 1993, of the last 3,000 Russian troops—a motorized infantry brigade—from Cuba, the first of the Soviet Union's remote-control satellites. This marked the end of a thirty-year-long combat presence on Fidel Castro's island.

A special case of a different kind was that of the Baltic states, which now reclaimed the independence they had lost as a result of the Hitler–Stalin pact of 1939. The Confederation of Independent States (CIS) that succeeded the USSR did not attract them, so the ex-Soviet forces pulled out of Estonia in February 1993, from Lithuania in August, and from Latvia in October. The withdrawal had begun the previous year but had been suspended in October 1992, in part because of the problem of accommodating large numbers of returning troops in Russia.

Withdrawals from other ex-Soviet Republics that remained in the new CIS have proved more difficult because of widespread disorders, attempted coups, and civil conflicts. Examples include Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, and Moldova. In the latter, the main obstacle was the personal opposition of the commander of the 14th Army, General Aleksandr Lebed, who clashed repeatedly with Defense Minister Grachev.

Mr. Crozier, a longtime contributing editor of NR, *is the author most recently of* Free Agent: The Unseen War, 1941–1991 *(HarperCollins).*

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The bottom line is that if the United States is weak, all roads lead to misfortune: Bosnia will poison the Alliance's moral unity; moves toward a European army will undercut NATO without ensuring stability; and NATO enlargement becomes a joke. If the United States remains strong and engaged, it will remain relevant and indispensable: our allies will retain confidence in us; greater Western European defense cooperation (within NATO) might even be useful; and extending an umbrella over Central Europe becomes a credible as well as a compelling option. Moves

By June of this year, President Yeltsin had had enough, and fired Lebed. At the time of writing, Lebed was widely credited with presidential ambitions of his own, so the rebellious general may get his chance for revenge.

A long-drawn-out clash of a different kind caused tension between Russia and the largest of its CIS neighbors, Ukraine. At issue was the future control of the Black Sea Fleet. This one, too, was solved, at least partially, in June, when the two neighbors agreed to split the Fleet 4 to 1 in Russia's favor. Moreover, Ukraine agreed that Russia could keep its naval base at Sebastopol on the Ukrainian peninsula of Crimea. At issue still was the problem of how to share the base and on-shore facilities.

By far the biggest military problem facing Russia, though, has been the challenge to Moscow's authority from the tiny and mountainous Caucasian Republic of Chechnya, which has brought humiliation upon Yeltsin and critical stories in the world's media. During World War II, Stalin had deported the entire population of Chechnya to Siberia, and rebellion against Mother Russia went back much further. In July 1994, the Russian government denounced as "illegitimate" the government of Chechen President Dzhokar Dudayev. In December of that year, Yeltsin sent an invasion force to bring Dudayev to heel.

The force included many untrained or ill-trained ground troops, and the Russian air force bombed Grozny, the capital, and other towns and villages, causing heavy and unnecessary civilian deaths. Dudayev and his own forces retreated to mountain strongholds, from which they continue to defy the Russians. This appalling mess is perhaps the best answer to our keynote question: "What ever happened to the Red Army?" The answer seems to be: a state of high disarray.

It is fascinating to compare the available defense statistics (see chart) for 1989–90, when the Soviet East European empire was collapsing, and for 1994–95 (though many of the latter, especially, are educated guesses).

Of no other country, perhaps (except the Soviet Union under Stalin), can it be said with equal confidence that mere figures do not provide a true picture. As regards ground forces, the situation is certainly even worse than painted. As regards nuclear and chemical weapons, it is considerably more threatening than the figures might suggest. Here is a selection of recent developments culled from *The Economist*'s bulletin, *Foreign Report*:

Low-grade conscripts: In an interview this March, General Vyacheslav Zherebtsov, a deputy chief of the General Staff in charge of mobilization, complained that more than half of those receiving conscription orders were able to claim exemption. Many of those who actually joined were drunks, drug addicts, criminals, or semi-literate peasants.

Biochemical problems: When production of biological and chemical weapons ceased in 1987, the stockpile stood at the frightening figure of 40,000 scattered tons. The staff at the Volga River test site of Shikhany have been on unpaid leave for about a year. Special plants to destroy biochemical weapons are under construction by international companies at several sites. Toxic nerve agents include 32,000 tons of substances stored in missile warheads, bombs, and artillery shells. Although Yeltsin signed the Chemical Weapons Convention in 1993, it will come into force only when ratified by 65 states. As of late April, non-ratifiers included the U.S. and Russia.

Arms-sales boom: The Russian Arms Company, set up in 1993, is searching for new clients in southern Africa, Latin America, and Southeast Asia, while sales continue in China, India, North Africa, and the Middle East, The Company is run by President Yeltsin's personal choice, Marshal Yevgeny Shaposhnikov. Nor is Russia the only ex-Soviet Republic in this lucrative market. Another is the Number Two, Ukraine, under President Leonid Kuchma and his Minister for the Arms Industry and Defense Conversion, Viktor Petrov. Tanks and aircraft, plus bombs, missiles, mines, shells, grenades, and cartridges, have been finding buyers in Bulgaria, Armenia, and Egypt.

None of this necessarily poses an immediate threat to international peace. But it surely demonstrates, not for the first time, how much more complicated life is under the New World Disorder.

—Brian Crozier

	Soviet Union 1989–1990	Russia 1994–1995
Total Armed Forces	4,258,000 (perhaps 2.7 million conscripts)	1,714,000 (perhaps 950,000 conscripts); including about 150,000 Defense Ministry staff.
Reserves	Some 5,560,000 with service within last 5 years.	Some 2,400,000 with service within last 5 years.
Strategic Rocket Forces	287,000 men	114,000 men, including 70,000 conscripts.
ICBM	1,451+	1,161
IRBM/MRBM	383 launchers, due for elimination under the Intermediate Nuclear Forces Treaty	
Navy	15,500 men; 960 missiles in 69 submarines	13,000 men; 770 missiles in 46 submarines
Ground Forces	1,596,000	780,000 (about 450,000 conscripts, 80,000 on contract)
Strategic Aviation	108,000 men	19,000 men
Bombers	630	158

The figures quoted are from *The Military Balance*, the annual survey of the London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies.

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that would certainly be harmful in the former context become less harmful in the latter.

Thus, the good news is that the fate of the Alliance is in our own hands. If the present flower-child Administration policies continue into a second term, however, or if our troop presence is gutted by Republican congressional deficit-fighters, then all bets are off. That is a formula for the destabilization of Europe. □

Train Wreck Coming?

ANDREW KREPINEVICH

LAST summer the General Accounting Office set off a mini-firestorm on Capitol Hill when it reported that the Clinton Administration's Future Years Defense Program (FYDP, or, in Pentagon parlance, the "fiddip") could be underfunded by $150 billion or more over fiscal years 1995–99. Some observers suggested that the defense program was headed for a "train wreck"—a precipitous decline in the effectiveness of U.S. military forces. By last summer the Administration conceded that, by its own estimates, the defense program was underfunded by nearly $50 billion.

Following the congressional elections, President Clinton took steps that the Administration claimed would eliminate the "mismatch" between programs and funding, primarily through a combination of cuts in defense modernization ($8 billion), more favorable assumptions regarding future inflation ($12 billion), and increased funding ($25 billion). The President's action purportedly provided sufficient resources to achieve the two top priorities: maintaining U.S. forces' readiness, and modernizing aging military systems, such as Army and Marine helicopters, Air Force cargo aircraft, and Navy attack aircraft.

While many defense experts agree that the Administration has maintained the near-term readiness of U.S. forces, they are concerned that this is being accomplished at the expense of long-term readiness, by dipping into the funds originally earmarked for modernization and or recapitalization. Indeed, defense recapitalization rests on three weak reeds. First, DoD hopes that major savings will be realized from acquisition reform. Yet historically such savings have been notoriously elusive. Second, DoD assumes that, over time, base closures will yield billions in savings. Yet such savings have been slow to materialize. Third, and perhaps most important, the DoD hoped it would realize small but steady real increases in its budget beyond the FYDP.

By January the Congressional Budget Office was reporting to the new Republican Congress that, even taking into account the President's moves, it estimated a program–funding mismatch of $47 billion over FY1996–99. Even within the Administration, concerns were growing. The Pentagon's comptroller, when asked about the Army's modernization program, said: "The Army has no modernization program." The outlook for the other services is not much brighter. The Navy finds itself with projected annual shortfalls of $3 to $5 billion in its shipbuilding accounts. Marine leaders recently testified before Congress that their modernization budget must increase dramatically if they are to remain faithful to the Administration's two-regional-war strategy and our overseas-presence commitments. And the Air Force finds itself abandoning investment in bombers and close air support as it pours increasingly scarce dollars into modernizing its fighter force.

CONGRESSIONAL Defense Hawks started the new session in January hoping to erase the mismatch. They argued that, while the Administration's plan for FY1996–2001 calls for spending $1.6 trillion on defense, it also reduces defense spending by 7 per cent in real (inflation-adjusted) terms over that period. The Defense Hawks hoped to keep funding at today's levels, adding more than $130 billion to the Administration's FY1996–2001 program. This might be enough both to erase the mismatch and to allow for increased investment in favored areas, such as ballistic-missile defense.

But politics on the Hill is no longer a matter of Defense Hawks battling Domestic Doves (those members who favor increasing the relative emphasis on domestic programs). There is a new dominant breed of political animal in Congress: the Deficit Hawks, whose ranks include the overwhelming majority of the 74 Republican freshman. While many also call themselves Defense Hawks they are, as Newt Gingrich puts it, "Cheap Hawks." They see themselves as coming to Washington to balance the federal budget, reduce the size of government, and, if there is any money left over, put it back into the pockets of the American people in the form of tax cuts. For them, defense is a priority, but it is not a top priority.

In the early budget skirmishes, the Deficit Hawks are clearly in the ascendant. While the budget plans put forward by John Kasich (R., Ohio) and Pete Domenici (R., N.M.) add $24 billion to the Administration's defense program over the next six years, that works out to only a 1 per cent increase. Thus defense spending will continue its decline, only at a more graceful pace. For those concerned about the program–budget mismatch, the news is also disappointing. At least so far, Congress seems more interested in mandating new defense programs (e.g., the B2 bomber, Marine amphibious assault ships) than in covering existing shortfalls. Furthermore, under the Administration's plan to balance the budget, defense spending, which has fallen 35 per cent in real terms since FY1985, would fall another 16.5 per cent by FY2005. (The Republican plan, while extending only to 2002, projects a similar decline.)

In revealing his budget plans, President Clinton confirmed what many independent analysts had suspected: projected defense funding is clearly insufficient to support the Administration's Bottom-Up Review (BUR, or "burr" in defense-speak) program, which calls for a force of 1.45 million active-duty troops, including 10 Army divisions, 3 Marine divisions, 12 carrier battle groups, and 13 Air Force wings, capable of winning, nearly simultaneously, two major regional conflicts of the magnitude of the Gulf War. The

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FYDP underfunding estimates would not have been especially worrisome—*if* defense planners could have counted on real increases in defense spending beyond 2001. But this is no longer the case. Estimates are that, by 2005, the mismatch between the BUR requirements and the Clinton budget could reach $55 billion *per year*. And the outlook for the BUR Republican budget projections is no less gloomy. As one senior Pentagon official observed, "The Bottom-Up Review is dead. We are just waiting until after the elections to bury it."

Under these circumstances, it can hardly be surprising that the brief period of Defense Hawk optimism following the Republican victory in November has dissipated, and that talk among Washington insiders has returned to the defense "train wreck." To many of those involved in the debate, the presence of a program–funding mismatch on the order of $50 to $100 billion over the next six years, and the prospect that defense budgets will continue to decline in real terms at least through FY2002 does seem to point to a collapse of military capabilities.

The good news is that, notwithstanding the mismatch and declining defense budgets, the United States might well be able to provide an effective defense capability over the long term. Yet the mismatch is clearly cause for concern. Among other things, it leads to inefficient planning—for example, wasteful spending on research and development programs which ultimately must be cancelled when it turns out that funding is not available to push planned systems into production.

Of course, the existence of a project–funding mismatch tells us nothing about whether the real problem is one of underfunding or overprogramming. Historically, gaps between plans and available resources have been the norm. For instance, in 1984 the GAO estimated that the FY1984–88 Reagan defense plan might suffer from a gap of $324 billion. Similarly in 1989, the GAO estimated that the FY1990–94 Bush plan might exceed projected funding levels by as much as $150 billion. In the past such mismatches—which typically result from underestimating cost growth in modernization and in operations and support programs—have generally been resolved by scaling back plans rather than by adding funding.

Likewise, a strong argument can be made that currently projected levels of funding would be sufficient to sustain an effective U.S. military capability over the long term, if prudent additional reductions were made in the size of the planned force structure and planned rates of modernization. The United States no longer faces a superpower rival that is steadily developing new weapons and modernizing its forces. Furthermore, unlike during the Cold War, today no other country in the world spends anything close to what the United States spends on military R&D. While U.S. funding for new weapons procurement has dropped significantly since the 1980s, so too have new-weapons purchases by most of the rest of the world—including rogue states like Iran and North Korea.

In short, although resources may be tight, there is little reason to believe that the continued decline projected for defense funding should, *in and of itself*, cause a train wreck in the next decade.

That's the good news. The bad news is that there is reason to believe that the funding provided is being poorly invested. The culprit is the Administration's so-called strategic blueprint, the BUR. In short, we have focused too much on the traditional question of "How much is enough?" without asking the equally important question, "What should we be spending it on?"

THE new Congress, which is charged with responsibility for appropriating the funds that will shape a coherent strategic investment portfolio, faces a challenge that, in one sense, is far more demanding than the challenge confronted by its predecessors during the Cold War.

Today, senior policy officials—both in the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill—must make investment decisions under conditions of far greater uncertainty. During the Cold War we knew the challenger (the Soviet Union), the focus of the challenge (primarily Europe), and its nature. A lot of investments merely involved "baselining" ourselves against the Soviets. To be sure, the Soviet collapse left U.S. security far less at risk than during the Cold War. But how do we craft an investment plan when it is not clear *which* great power or regional power will pose the next major security challenge? Or *when* that challenger may choose to compete?

Steps taken to minimize the risk to our immediate vital interests in—say the Persian Gulf and East Asia—take away from our ability to lower long-term risks. Unlike during the Cold War, the most dangerous challenges to our security will likely come over the long term. Thus, given that resources for defense are relatively fixed, it is important to avoid investing any more than is absolutely necessary in buying military capability against relatively low-level immediate threats at the expense of readiness for longer-term challenges. What are these challenges?

They are likely to manifest themselves in two forms: first, a revived competition among the great powers; and second, and more proximate, a far more virulent strain of rogue state. If the patterns of history hold, the current level of cooperation among the great powers is unlikely to endure. This is not to say that a great-power competitor to the United States will appear in the near term, as it did after World War II. Nor would such a competitor, if and when it appears, be at all likely to present a

"We have to let you go, Ballisto—it seems you're in violation of the Brady Bill."

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challenge of the same type and magnitude as did the Soviet Union. But it is likely that a great-power competitor will appear.

Although the Pentagon asserts it is preparing for the future, its BUR "strategy" employs a single scenario highly reminiscent of the Gulf War to plan and structure U.S. forces for the next ten to twenty years. Unfortunately, rogue states are not trying to reconstruct Iraq's Republican Guard; rather, they are selectively exploiting the growing range of increasingly sophisticated arms available in today's "buyer's market." The combination of a handful of new military tools (including weapons of mass destruction) and different operational concepts could present a very different—and far more potent—rogue-state challenge early in the next decade than Iraq posed in Desert Storm.

Given that the objective is to minimize the overall danger to our vital in-

Dragon Growling

"THE uneasiness with China goes deep," is how Goh Chok Tong put it in May. The Singapore prime minister, not a man to speak lightly, was referring to a conspicuous change in the way the rest of Asia views China.

Goodwill almost everywhere greeted Peking's emergence from self-imposed isolation when it began twenty years ago. But recent arms purchases and an increasingly confrontational foreign policy have led to its replacement today by worries, which Asian leaders are increasingly willing to articulate.

The shift should not be overstated: China's military is still largely obsolete and far from posing an offensive threat to its neighbors. (The real risk, arguably, and one not easy to manage, is not that China will triumph militarily, but rather that it will overreach, lose a battle, and be humiliated.) Its foreign policy is by no means firmly set on confrontation. Above all, what ultimately will determine the future of China is not the armaments it buys today but rather the internal political course it adopts tomorrow: whether toward liberalization, or toward authoritarian retrenchment.

The present story begins after the crushing of the democracy movement in 1989, when a growing military budget was the government's payback to the People's Liberation Army for remaining loyal. An intense interest in high technology was added two years later, after the Gulf War. Since then China's announced military budget has been increasing steadily, at least in nominal terms. Thomas McNaugher of the Rand Corporation estimates real expenditure today at between $10 and $20 billion (others put the figure higher). Much of this is going to advanced offensive weapons.

The most worrying changes have not been in China's nuclear forces so much as in its conventional forces. Nuclear weapons and missiles to deliver them have been a high priority since the 1950s: China today possesses the ability to hit the continental United States with a limited number of nuclear bombs, and development and testing pushes forward, regardless of international opinion. But nuclear weapons are basically useful only for deterrence. So it has been possible to rationalize China's nuclear program as fundamentally defensive. On the other hand, China's patterns of conventional acquisition clearly suggest a desire to project force.

Russia has already delivered to China's air force 26 Sukhoi-27 aircraft, among the finest in the ex-Soviet arsenal. One reason the Chinese chose the Su-27 is that it can fly from the Woody Island base in the Paracel Islands off Vietnam, and patrol for at least an hour over the Spratly Islands in the South China Sea. Indeed, supported by an aircraft carrier or in-flight refueling, the Su-27 could put all Asia within striking distance.

In addition, Israel is developing for China a genuinely advanced aircraft, the F-10, reportedly based in part on American technology from the abandoned Lavi program. There are also reports that China has obtained in-flight refueling technology from Israel and Iran, and has expressed interest in co-production of advanced ex-Soviet aircraft, including nuclear bombers.

Sea power too has been given a new stress. Rumors have long abounded that China intends either to buy or to build an aircraft carrier, and although nothing has come of them yet, the idea is becoming accepted. China is "a large nation and a growing military and world power," said Admiral Richard C. Macke, commander-in-chief of the U.S. Pacific command recently. "So to tell them you can't have aircraft carriers when we have aircraft carriers, I'm not sure makes a lot of logical sense."

But while aircraft carriers remain just talk, quiet diesel submarines of the Russian Kilo class have already been delivered to the Chinese navy—four so far, it is thought, with some sources saying that the total will eventually be more than twenty.

But what has brought concern about China to center stage is not so much force modernization—after all, every country does that—but rather unmistakable signs of aggressive intent. A turning point came in February when the Philippine navy discovered four apparently permanent military structures, just completed by China, on Mischief Reef in the Spratlys, which lies well within Philippine territorial waters.

China claims all the Spratlys, but initially tried to deny any military purpose: "China's local fishing authorities," a statement said, "have set up facilities at [Mischief Reef] to provide shelter for their fishing vessels." But why frigates should be deployed near the shelters was not explained. In mid May, two Chinese warships blocked a Philippine Navy landing ship carrying a senior general and a group of journalists, though the Chinese did not prevent Philippine helicopters, carrying journalists, from flying over the reef and installations.

These actions have galvanized China's Asian neighbors, and not just the Philippines. For if the "fishermen's shelter" explanation for Mischief Reef is unconvincing—and it is—then how is China's action to be understood? The installations—concrete buildings on stilts, with antennas, satellite dishes, and anti-aircraft artillery—did not simply grow. They had to be planned, designed, and approved—and by whom, and in service

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terests, the U.S. military (and defense budgets) should be restructured to support a strategy that accords a high priority to preventing or postponing the emergence of the most dangerous challenges and, of course, to meeting these challenges successfully if preventive measures fail.

Finally, the rapid advance of new technologies promises to alter, fundamentally, the character and conduct of conflict by stimulating the emergence of entirely new kinds of military operations. The prospect that a military revolution is now under way only adds to the level of uncertainty faced by defense planners. A strategy to hedge against this uncertainty requires a willingness to experiment, to innovate, and to be tolerant of failure. It does not require large-scale production of many new systems; nor does it require major new additions to the force structure. In short, it does not require that we think

of what? Unwelcome as it may be, the most plausible explanation is that China has decided it means what it says when it draws lines on maps claiming territory, and intends to use force if necessary to support these claims.

The result is that for the first time since the end of the Vietnam War (and this time without any outside prompting) the states of Asia are beginning to talk about a danger from China and to draw together defensively. Thus, backed by its ASEAN neighbors, the Philippines have rejected Chinese proposals for bilateral talks about Mischief Reef. It is understood, in the words of Jusuf Wanandi, chairman of the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Jakarta, that unless the rest of Asia speaks with one voice, the Chinese "will divide us and clobber us one by one." From such an assessment it is only a small step to a coalition to contain China, whether formal or, as seems already to be coming into being, through *mogi*, silent agreement.

This coalition, however—which China itself is creating by its actions—is absolutely not in China's interest. The other Asian states have not been idle militarily while China moved forward. Taiwan, for example, currently flies an interceptor—the Ching-kuo or IDF, developed locally with American assistance—that is probably as effective as anything in the present Chinese order of battle. Taiwan will soon take delivery of American F-16s and French Mirage 2000s that will make its air force one of the strongest not only in Asia, but in the world. The picture is similar for other Asian states, in an arc from India to Japan. Far from intimidating its neighbors, China is fueling arms races it cannot win.

At the same time, China risks alienating the very states upon which its economic development depends. Overseas direct investment in China comes overwhelmingly from Asia, with 80 per cent of it accounted for by overseas Chinese. Such funds are highly mobile, and unlikely to be poured into a China that is other than stable and peaceful. Real conflict would also close markets and utterly disrupt commerce. This would hurt all the Asian states—and the world—but it would devastate China, where domestic tranquillity rests on rising living standards.

CHINA'S current policy, in other words, makes no sense, least of all for China. Why, then, is it being pursued?

The best answer probably has to do with the precarious state of the regime domestically. For all its economic liberalization and increasing social freedom, China today remains at its core a dictatorship. When popular protest boiled over six years ago, its rulers suppressed it with great brutality. When the crisis passed, they beefed up the People's Armed Police and put dissidents in prison instead of moving to solve the real problems. China's current attempt to bully the Philippines—a friendly state posing no conceivable military threat—manifests the same basic approach.

So what does the future hold—and what role might the United States play? The most favorable—and I am still inclined to think the most likely—outcome will emerge if China's government moves toward democracy. Few of the problems now causing worry are genuinely intractable. A confident Chinese regime, possessing some real legitimacy, would be able to resolve most of them. Even in the case of Taiwan, real goodwill exists on both sides of the strait, and with willingness by Peking to compromise, a settlement acceptable to all could probably be devised in a matter of days, if not hours. The same is true for the South China Sea.

The point here is that for China to respect human rights, and take the course of liberalization and constitutional rule, is not some soft-headed dream of sentimental Westerners, as is sometimes suggested, but rather an absolutely crucial pre-condition if Asia is to enjoy real peace and prosperity. There are people of power and influence in China who understand this very well, although they are not in control of the government at the moment.

A long-term attempt to maintain Communist dictatorship is in any case almost certain to fail. China is no Soviet Union: its leaders lack the confidence of a Khrushchev or even a Gorbachev. As for their dictatorship, it is already fatally compromised by irreversible economic change and loss of faith. This is not to say China will cause no trouble; and, given today's military technologies, even small troubles can be very serious. But even if China should pursue confrontation with Asian neighbors, the result is unlikely to resemble the Cold War just ended.

Rather, we will probably see something like the situation in the early twentieth century in Europe. Like European states then, the Asian states will develop strong, autonomous militaries, while at the same time failing to create alliance structures strong enough to keep peace. Trade among the states will nevertheless be strong, thus creating the illusion that economic development is rendering war inconceivable. Peace will still be the natural condition of this system, but, as was the case in Europe, conflict, once unleashed for whatever reason, will prove difficult to resolve or contain.

Should such conflict escalate, then the United States will almost certainly be drawn in, as happened twice with Europe, whatever its intentions were before the fact. To avoid the disaster of a major war means applying to Asia the lessons we have already learned in Europe at such cost: Stay involved, both politically and economically. Engage adversaries, but do not sacrifice friends in the process. Always be prepared to act militarily. China's present course poses some real challenges. They can certainly be managed. Whether they will be is another question.

—ARTHUR WALDRON

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"richer" about defense—rather, it requires that we think "smarter."

THE new Republican Congress, absorbed in the debate over the Administration's mismatch, is running the risk of attempting to reinforce a failed defense program. Congress needs to avoid merely rearranging the deck chairs on the Bottom-Up Review. For Defense Hawks on both sides of the political aisle, the silver lining is that, if they can meet the challenge of replacing the BUR with a defense program that reflects the changing security environment and the emerging military revolution, they can realize a more effective defense without compromising deficit reduction.

How can this be accomplished? The United States needs an investment strategy that hedges against uncertainty by building a range of strategic options into the budget that can be exercised as needed, depending upon how the security environment develops over the long term. The current defense posture, as depicted in the BUR, relies upon a single scenario to size and structure U.S. forces. This approach assumes away uncertainty, rather than accounting for it. Yet our prospective future competitors, be they rogue states or great powers, are likely to compete very differently from the way Iraq did in 1990.

A proper hedging strategy would:

Balance the need for military preparedness in both the short and the long term with available resources. The Pentagon should reduce its force structure to 1.2 million active-duty personnel, with proportional reductions in the reserves and Defense Department civilian personnel. This would still provide the capability to wage one Gulf War–style regional conflict in the near term, while providing sufficient funds to recapitalize the force over the long term.

Engage in vigorous experimentation, testing, and evaluation. Experiments during the 1920s and '30s with new, rapidly developing technologies produced Admiral Halsey's carrier battle groups and General Patton's air–land mechanized team, which paid enormous dividends during World War II. Experimentation is needed today to determine how rapidly emerging technologies—especially information technologies—are altering the character of conflict, and how the U.S. military must adapt to maintain its competitiveness.

Fortunately, funding innovation does not have to bust the budget. What is most critical is *how* the funding is being allocated. For example, experiments with programs that have potentially huge long-term payoffs—such as fielding the Army's Experimental Force (EXFOR) brigade, prototyping and testing dramatically different surface-combatant designs (such as the Navy's arsenal ship and small combatant), and developing unmanned aerial vehicle (UAV) "webs" (architectures)—can be undertaken at modest cost (a combined $1 billion per year, or less than 3 per cent of the R&D budget).

Restructure capital-stock investments. During the Cold War the United States faced a major competitor, the Soviet Union, which aggressively attempted to improve upon its capital stock of planes, tanks, ships, guns, etc. Change was, for the most part, evolutionary. This is no longer the case.

The current combination of relatively modest near-term challenges, rapid technological change, and an uncertain future suggests that the next few years offer a good opportunity to experiment with military systems rather than to invest heavily in replacing our existing defense capital stock with new generations of equipment that offer only marginal improvements.

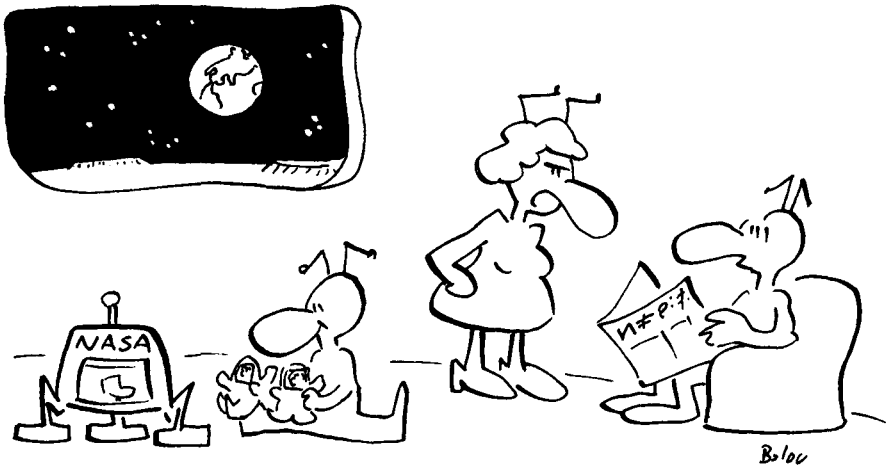
Relatively greater emphasis should be given to upgrading existing systems, or replacing them with upgraded versions. Rather than investing in large production runs, the Pentagon might introduce new systems gradually, and sustain them at low rates of production. This approach would allow for relatively greater emphasis on experimenting with a broader array of systems.

Rather than cut further into R&D, Congress may want to consider reducing the size of our force structure, and using the savings to ensure increased emphasis on experimentation and innovation. This involves reducing existing capital stock in the near term to create long-term advantages. Put another way, it involves accepting some increased risk in the near term, when the danger is relatively low, in order to lower our risks over the long term, when the danger is likely to be substantially greater.

Fortunately, the Defense Department is well positioned to exploit the potential of newly emerging technologies. But it cannot be done within the Bottom-Up Review, which both is unaffordable and seeks to create a U.S. military that is essentially a smaller incarnation of its Cold War/Desert Storm ancestor. What is needed is a very different geopolitical and military-technical conception.

As one British official observed around the turn of the century when faced with similar circumstances: "We are running out of money. We shall have to start to think." □

As one British official observed in similar circumstances, 'We are running out of money. We shall have to start to think.'



"War toys? I didn't buy him any war toys!"

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THE LEFT AND SOCIAL POLICY

The Vision Of the Anointed

If the results of various social policies instituted by the Left seem drastically at odds with their intentions, it is because their real purpose is to separate the sheep from the goats, the anointed from the benighted.

Thomas Sowell

A MERCATOR map shows areas near the equator relatively smaller than similar-sized areas nearer the poles. Because so many of the poorer nations of the world are in or near the tropics, their areas seem smaller on the Mercator map, relative to the nations of Europe and North America.

"In our society," a critic claimed, "we unconsciously equate size with importance and even with power, and if the Third World countries are misrepresented, they are likely to be valued less."

A maverick map-maker in Germany named Arno Peters agreed, denouncing the Mercator Projection as an example of "European arrogance." Peters created an alternative map of the world, which the National Council of Churches has endorsed and published, and some United Nations agencies have switched to the Peters map. Textbook publishers have been forced by the Texas Education Agency to include in their books a disclaimer concerning the accuracy of the Mercator Projection. The fact that most professional map-makers have been highly critical of the Peters map carries no weight with the self-anointed elite. "The political implications of this map are true, whereas the political implications of the Mercator map are false," according a spokesman for the NCC's publishing organization.

However, *all maps necessarily distort the globe* for the simple reason that there is no way to accurately represent a three-dimensional planet on a two-dimensional piece of paper. In map-making, as in other decision-making processes, there are no "solutions" but only trade-offs, which in this case permit one kind of accuracy to be achieved only at the expense of other kinds of accuracy. Finally, to complete the parallel with so many other kinds of misunderstandings by the anointed, maps exist not for symbolic or ideological purposes but to meet some concrete practical need. One of the most enduring and most important needs met by maps is for finding places, particularly for navigation by ships and later by planes. In the Mercator Projection, directions were made accurate—at the expense of distorting the relative size of areas. Given that the users of these maps were far more concerned with arriving alive at their destinations than with comparing real estate, the Mercator Projection reigned supreme as a world map.

Enter the anointed. For them, all this history and the scientific principles of map-making have been blithely ignored and an opportunity for moral preening created instead.

WHEN someone says that a flock of geese is flying overhead, no one believes this means that it is an all-female flock, with no ganders among them. It is just that the female name—goose—is used generically to denote the whole species. With people, the male name—man—is used to denote the species, while ships and countries are usually referred to as "she." How all this arose historically is lost somewhere in the mists of time. But just as no one means to exclude ganders when referring to a flock of geese, or to suggest that some female made the decision when Russia decided that *she* would invade the Caucasus, so no one intended to exclude women when the generic "he" was used. One can look through writings from centuries past and see general principles about "man" illustrated by examples of how mothers treat their children or how housewives manage a household.

Simple and obvious as all this should be, a whole crusade has been launched, requiring that clumsy phrases like "he/she" or "s/he" or "he or she" be

"It's never too late to have a happy childhood."

Mr. Sowell is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution. This essay is excerpted from his forthcoming The Vision of the Anointed: Self-Congratulation as a Basis for Social Policy *(Basic Books).* *© 1995 by Thomas Sowell. Reprinted with permission.*

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used, leading to such constructions as: "When anyone decides that he or she should have his or her house painted, then he or she should go to a painter and ask him or her how much it will cost." This cluttering of the English language conveys no additional information, however much it may serve as a shibboleth identifying the anointed. It connotes also *false* information, namely that those who preferred a less cluttered way of writing were secretly harboring malign thoughts toward women—or "self-hate" where these writers were women themselves.

Trivial as such crusades may seem, they have been very successful in changing language in the media, in academia, and in government. Not only is the generic "he" taboo in many quarters, the speech-controllers have pressed on to new conquests, attacking such words as "layman," "craftsman," "actress," and "matron," and also proscribing such phrases as "to master a language" because they use a sex-specific word.

The net effect of all this is that young women are led to believe that every use of the generic "he" in books of the past is proof of disdain or hostility toward women, when in fact such usage simply avoided forcing writers into strained constructions and awkward phrases. In short, the anointed help to make yet another group feel like victims and to regard the anointed as their rescuers.

The symbolic function of such victim groups is much like that of team mascots. A mascot's own well-being is not so crucial as its role in enabling others to "make a statement." Many social groups are treated as the human mascots of the anointed, whether or not that ultimately works out to the benefit of those groups themselves.

A TEXTBOOK example of someone with anti-social behavior who was turned into a mascot is Richard F. Kreimer. During the late 1980s, a number of homeless people began coming into the library in Morristown, New Jersey, disturbing both the other library users and the staff by their behavior and their body odors. Kreimer in particular often exhibited offensive and disruptive behavior, including talking loudly to himself and to others; on at least one occasion, he was so belligerent toward a librarian as to cause her to call the police. On May 16, 1989, a notice was posted, limiting the use of the library to persons "engaged in normal activities associated with the use of a public library" and specifically banning people who "annoy others" and whose "personal hygiene" was not acceptable. This policy was challenged in court by Kreimer, with the aid of the ACLU and others who literally made this a federal case.

Federal District Court Judge H. Lee Sarokin ruled in favor of Kreimer. Declaring the library to be a "public forum," defined as "an available public space where citizens communicate their ideas through the spoken word," Judge Sarokin declared it covered by the First Amendment. Moreover, a hygiene test has "a disparate impact on the poor." In short, the library rules "unreasonably frustrate, infringe, or obstruct the expressional and associational rights of individuals."

In a classic expression of the vision of the anointed, Judge Sarokin lectured the community on its attitude toward the homeless: "If we wish to shield our eyes and noses from the homeless, we should revoke their conditions, not their library cards." In other words, it is society's fault that people end up like Richard Kreimer—and it is within society's capability to change their conditions. In reality, Kreimer was born into a middle-class family and inherited with his brother an estate worth $340,000. How society was supposed to prevent Kreimer—an able-bodied white male—from becoming a bum was unspecified.

Just as Kreimer was treated as a mascot, so the other library users were treated as expendable, and the law-abiding and tax-paying citizens of the town were treated as targets. In addition to having to spend more than a quarter of a million dollars defending against a lawsuit, the town ultimately settled out of court, paying Kreimer $150,000, in order to prevent its policemen's homes from being in jeopardy of being taken away from them to satisfy an adverse court judgment. Here, as elsewhere, the anointed show what Jean-François Revel has called "a pitiless ferocity toward some" and "a boundless indulgence toward others."

Many of the "homeless" are mentally ill people whom the anointed have made it increasingly difficult to confine to mental institutions. Those who are sleeping on the streets on bitterly cold winter nights are as much mascots as Richard Kreimer. In both cases, they enable the anointed to score points against a benighted society, whether or not this proves ultimately to be a benefit to the mascots themselves.

Incidentally, Judge H. Lee Sarokin was elevated to the Circuit Court of Appeals by President Clinton in 1994.

An even more striking example of the rights of mascot groups overriding the rights of others is cases involving people with contagious diseases. The landmark Supreme Court case in this area involved an elementary-school teacher with active tuberculosis, who was fired because of fears that she might infect the children she taught. The teacher sued, charging discrimination against the handicapped, in violation of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973.

A majority of the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that it was indeed discrimination because tuberculosis could be considered a handicap. Although the school board argued that the teacher was fired, not because of *her* impairment, but because her presence threatened the health of others, Justice Brennan, writing for the majority, refused to accept that distinction:

> Arline's contagiousness and her physical impairment each resulted from the same underlying condition, tuberculosis. It would be unfair to allow an employer to seize upon the distinction between the effects of a disease on others and the effects of a disease on a patient and use that distinction to justify discriminatory treatment.

The fate of innocent third parties, such as schoolchildren, carries little weight when the anointed take sides with mascots against targets. As in so many other contexts, this provided an occasion for assertions of the superior virtue and wisdom of the anointed as compared to the benighted. In Justice Brennan's words, the law's purpose was to "combat the effects of erroneous but nevertheless prevalent perceptions about the handicapped." He repeatedly characterized others' responses in such terms as "reflexive reactions" and "prej-

The anointed show what Jean-François Revel has called 'a pitiless ferocity toward some' and 'a boundless indulgence toward others.'

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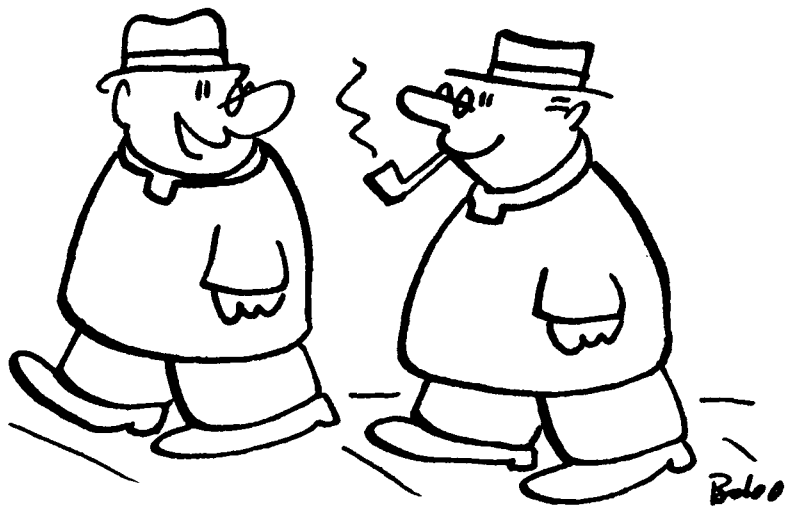

"St. Thomas Aquinas is all very well, but I get my best material from Spencer Tracy."

udice, stereotypes, or unfounded fear."

Homosexual activists greeted this Supreme Court decision with approval, because of its possible implications for those with AIDS. In contrast to the identification, and sometimes even quarantine, of people infected with other deadly and contagious diseases, AIDS carriers have been guaranteed anonymity by both law and policy as they mingle with unsuspecting members of the general public. From the beginning, public-health officials have been preoccupied with reassuring the public on how they *cannot* get AIDS. As late as 1983, people were being reassured that their chances of catching AIDS from transfusions of untested blood were "extremely remote." Secretary of Health and Human Services Margaret Heckler went on nationwide television on July 3, 1983, to "assure the American people that the blood supply is 100 per cent safe." But just one year later, the Centers for Disease Control began reporting dozens of cases of people who caught AIDS from blood transfusions; just two years after that, the AIDS deaths from blood transfusions were in the thousands.

Precautions to protect the public from AIDS carriers have repeatedly been backed into only after new revelations devastated previous reassurances. Why was this disease approached in a way directly opposite to the way other contagious and potentially fatal diseases have been approached? One reason has been fear of offending the organized, zealous, single-issue homosexual organizations and their allies in the media, in the ACLU, and in other liberal bastions. But this only raises the further question why the interests of carriers of a deadly, incurable, and contagious disease should be regarded in such circles as pre-emptive over the rights of hundreds of millions of other people. The answer to this more fundamental question seems to be that no group has so polarized the anointed from the benighted as people infected with the AIDS virus. In keeping with their having performed this vital role, AIDS carriers are treated as the most sacred of mascots.

JUST as groups disdained by the benighted become eligible to be mascots of the anointed, so groups respected by the benighted are eligible to become targets.

No part of the law has been strained farther beyond recognition than the laws allowing businesses and the medical profession to be sued. It has always been possible to sue people for damages caused by their negligence. But after the vision of the anointed swept through the courts during the 1960s, people could be sued successfully whether they were negligent or not—and in some cases, without even being proved to have had anything to do with whatever harm had occurred. But this never happened to those in mascot groups. It happened to those in target groups.

In a case during the tenure of Rose Bird as California's chief justice, an employee who was waiting for his employer to arrive and open for business used the time to work under the hood of his own car on a public street and was injured by a passing motorist—and was then declared to be entitled to workman's compensation. When a man who was using a telephone in a booth near a highway was hit and injured by an out-of-control car, the telephone company was held liable for putting the booth in a vulnerable location—as if any place near a highway was not vulnerable to a car going out of control.

In one federal case, the producer of a herbicide was held responsible for the death of a worker who paid no attention to the warning label, even though that label said exactly what federal rules said that it should say. Although the company had no legal choice except to word the label precisely as prescribed by the Environmental Protection Agency, the court ruled that "the duty to provide an adequate warning of the danger was not met" because the label's warnings about fatal consequences did not include the particular fatal consequence from which this individual died. Compliance with both federal laws prescribing the exact wording of the warning and state laws requiring more extensive warnings "cannot be said to be impossible," according to the court, which reasoned: "Chevron can continue to use the EPA-approved label and can at the same time pay damages to successful tort plaintiffs such as Mr. Ferebee; alternatively, Chevron can petition to EPA to allow the label to be made more comprehensive." Another helpful suggestion was that Chevron could simply stop selling this chemical in this state.

In such cases, the courts often also exhibit another aspect of the vision—presupposing far more knowledge and control than anyone ever possessed. In holding defendants responsible for harmful consequences which they did not cause, courts often relied on the new legal doctrine that these defendants could and should have prevented "reasonably foreseeable" harm, even if that harm resulted from someone else's reckless or irresponsible use of the product or service. In short, the targets had vast responsibilities placed on them, while the mascots had virtually none. Moreover, the sheer luck of life—"the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," as Hamlet said—disappeared as a factor. If something went wrong, someone was to blame, preferably someone with a "deep pocket."

THE family is inherently an obstacle to schemes for central control of social process. Therefore the anointed necessarily find them-

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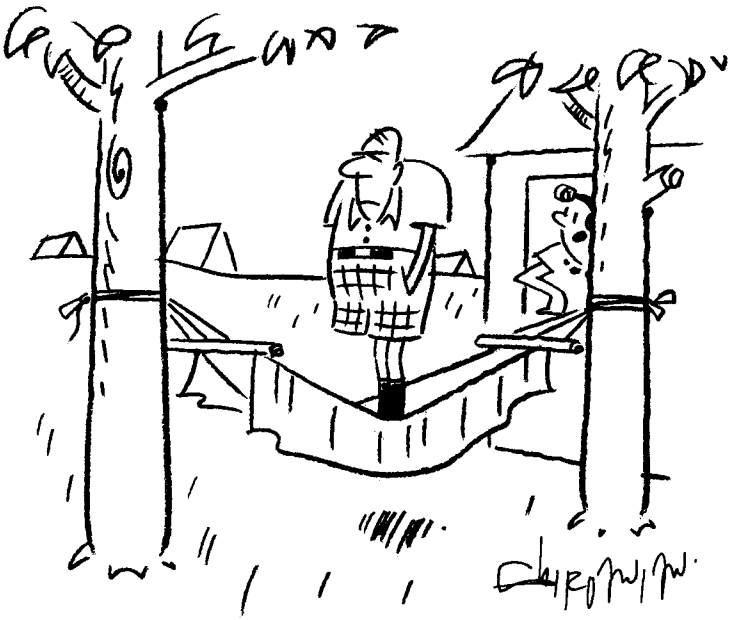
help

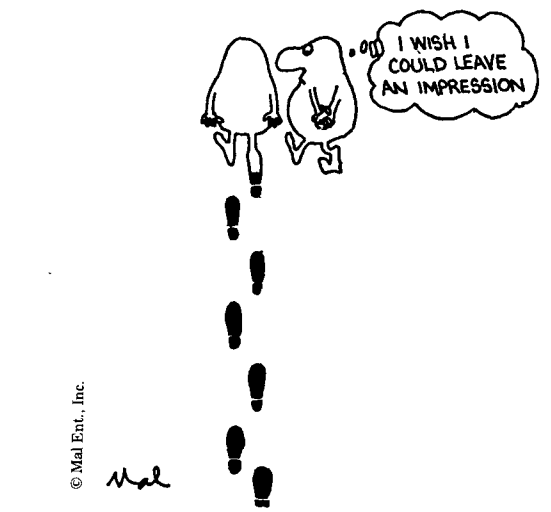
Look Ma, No Clothes

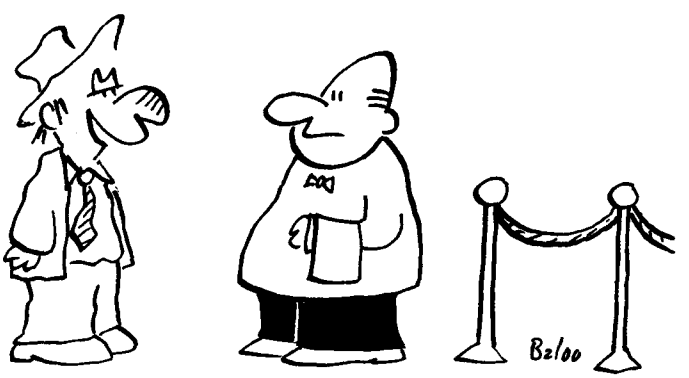
The budget Mr. Clinton modeled
As if he were securely swaddled
(Or, anyway, discreetly sheeted)
Tanked where the CBO was seated,
As giggles muffled by a nanny
Confirmed what was in fact his fanny.

—W. H. Von Dreele



"Fred, when are you going to learn to relax?"





"A table near the wine steward, please!"

"I'm not too high on the Reverend's new spandex garb, either."

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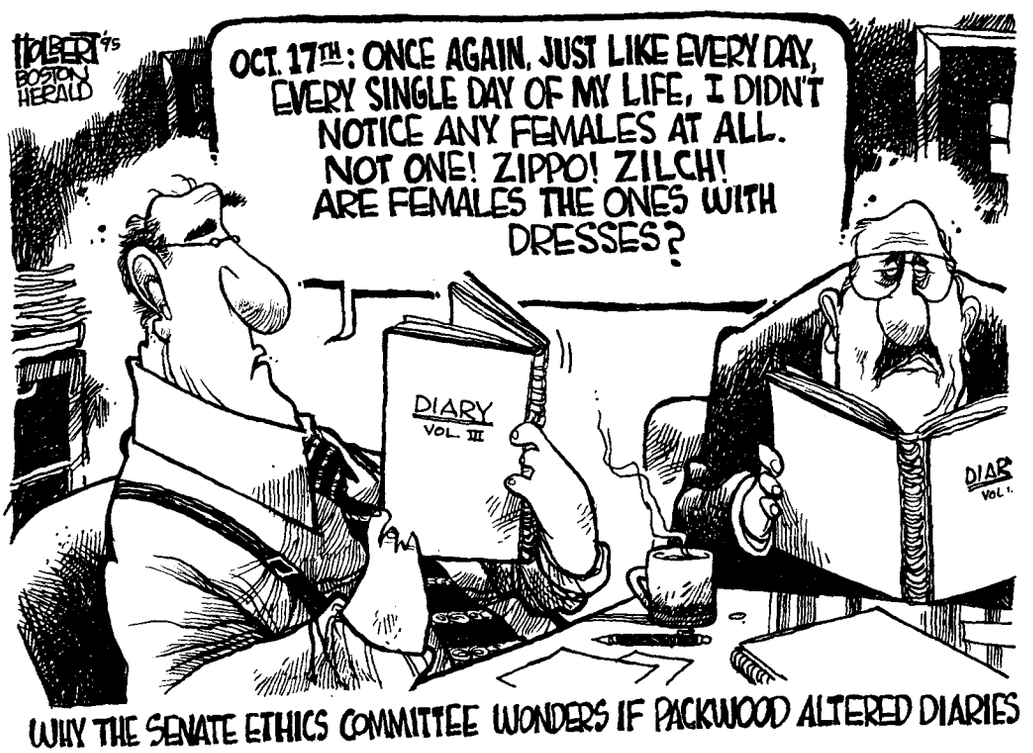
TOLBERT '95 BOSTON HERALD
OCT. 17TH: ONCE AGAIN, JUST LIKE EVERY DAY, EVERY SINGLE DAY OF MY LIFE, I DIDN'T NOTICE ANY FEMALES AT ALL. NOT ONE! ZIPPO! ZILCH! ARE FEMALES THE ONES WITH DRESSES?
DIARY VOL. III
DIAR VOL. I
WHY THE SENATE ETHICS COMMITTEE WONDERS IF PACKWOOD ALTERED DIARIES

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selves on a collision course with the family. It is not a matter of any subjective animus. The anointed may in fact be willing to shower government largesse upon families, as they do on other social entities. But the preservation of the family as an autonomous decision-making unit is incompatible with the third-party decision-making that is at the heart of the vision of the anointed.

Engels's first draft of the *Communist Manifesto* included a deliberate undermining of family bonds as part of the Marxian political agenda, though Marx himself was politically astute enough to leave that out of the final version. Nor has the war against the autonomy of the family been confined to extremists. The modern Swedish welfare state has made it illegal for parents to spank their own children, and the so-called Children's Defense Fund in the United States has advocated similar government intervention, so that parents do not, in the words of Hillary Rodham (later Clinton), "unilaterally" make decisions about the raising of their children.

The mindset of those who view traditional families as failed institutions needing the superior wisdom of the anointed permeates laws and policies on child abuse. Children may be removed from the parental home on the basis of anonymous accusation alone—even when both the children and the parents deny the accusations. Moreover, the protections afforded criminals are not afforded parents. As Elena Neuman reported in *Insight*:

> Somewhere between 2 million and 3 million allegations of child abuse and neglect tie up the nation's hotlines every year. Of that number, 60 per cent are deemed false and dropped. Of the remaining 40 per cent that lead to investigations, about half (involving nearly 700,000 families) eventually are dismissed, but not before children have been strip-searched, interrogated by a stream of social workers, police officers, and prosecutors, psychologically tested, and sometimes placed in foster care. Such actions usually occur without search warrants, parental consent, court hearings, or official charges—and often solely on the basis of the anonymous telephone call.

A Virginia couple, for example, came home one Friday afternoon to find their 10-year-old son missing and a note ordering them to appear in court the next Monday morning. Fearing that their son had been kidnapped, they phoned the police, only to be told that he had been taken into custody by the Department of Social Services. The son himself spent the weekend in a foster home, forbidden to phone his parents. All this was triggered by a phone call by a neighbor who did not think that a 10-year-old boy should have been left alone at home while his parents worked. The problem, however, was not the busybody neighbor but the fact that the law was armed with extraordinary powers—far beyond what could be exercised against criminals, who are mascots.

Within the framework of such extraordinary powers, zealots ready to believe the worst of fathers can plant ideas in children's minds, with disastrous consequences. When an 8-year-old girl in San Diego was sexually assaulted and stated that it was done by a man who climbed through her bedroom window, the social workers dismissed her story, named her father as the primary suspect, and removed the child from her home. After more than a year in foster custody and in therapy, the girl changed her story and named her father as the attacker. Yet the DNA evidence indicated that it could not possibly have been her father; in fact the DNA matched that of a convicted child molester who entered the bedroom window of another child within days of the first assault. But once the authorities had committed themselves to a different scenario, and had taken drastic action in response, admitting to being wrong was virtually out of the question. Only after a grand-jury investigation was the child returned to her parents—after more than a year away and after the father had paid out more than a quarter of a million dollars in attorney's fees.

Some have defended the unusual powers granted to police and social-welfare agencies in child-abuse cases by saying that if just one child's life is saved, it is worth it. However, many of the anointed take no such position when an animal on the endangered-species list kills a child. Furthermore, even when there is proven child abuse, the response is often to send the child back into the same home if the family agrees to psychological counseling and visits by social workers—even though neither of these things guarantees the safety of the child. In short, it is only the *independent* and autonomous family that is sacrificed when it refuses to "admit" to what the anointed presuppose. □

Reforming HUD

HUD responded to a real need, in the worst possible way. There is only one serious way to reform it.

Robert Stowe England

THE Department of Housing and Urban Development is not just part of the welfare state; it is an engine that intensifies the social pathologies engendered and sustained by the failed welfare system. HUD does this by concentrating households headed by non-working single mothers in tight geographic locations where the moral norms of society are observed mostly in the breach and where the rule of law is an oxymoron. This maelstrom of social decay can infect surrounding neighborhoods, creating what one Democratic senator has aptly called "zip codes of pathology." The congressional Republican leadership realizes that broad welfare reform must address the role of subsidized housing, and in late June it added the abolition of HUD to its welfare-reform agenda.

HUD, the quintessential Great Society department, was created in 1965 with the best of intentions: to create decent housing for the poor. Exactly the opposite has happened. Except for housing for the elderly and handicapped, subsidized housing is often the worst housing available.

Subsidized housing has failed for sev-

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eral reasons. HUD's policies have increasingly segregated the poorest of the poor from working families and enhanced the financial benefits of not working. In fact, rental subsidies are often worth more than direct welfare payments. Furthermore, developers often fail to maintain their property so that they can eventually collect large subsidies for repairs.

While the failures of public housing and subsidized housing have been recognized for decades, HUD's programs have gone forward unabated primarily because they have served Washington's entrenched political interests. The status quo has been vigorously supported by housing activists, private developers, and local public-housing officials. Liberals in Congress, like Barney Frank (D., Mass.), have led the battle to preserve all existing subsidized units, regardless of cost. This so-called "preservation program" pays developers huge sums to cover the difference between the property value in the free market and its value as subsidized housing restricted to very-low-income tenants—a program the HUD inspector general has rightly called "a ripoff."

BUT the political climate has finally started to turn against HUD. Last summer, the National Academy of Public Administration, commissioned by the old Democratic Congress to study HUD's problems, recommended that HUD be radically reformed, and that if the reforms did not turn the department around within five years, it should be disbanded. After the Republican landslide in November, the Clinton Administration actually floated the idea of abolishing HUD entirely. But HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros, taking a cue from Al Gore's reinventing government initiative, persuaded the White House to support a plan to reinvent HUD instead.

Cisneros's Reinvention Blueprint calls for the termination of all project-based subsidies (except those for the elderly and the disabled) and the conversion of these subsidies to tenant vouchers and certificates. This is a big step in the right direction. Tenants, free to live anywhere, could choose whether to stay in the project or move elsewhere. This would end the segregation of the poorest welfare families from the working poor, and help integrate them into the American mainstream, where social pressures could influence their behavior in a positive way. It would also force project developers to compete for tenants, thereby improving living conditions at the surviving projects.

Housing activists have maintained for years that vouchers are too expensive. Yet, the most complete study of housing costs, done by the Office of Management and Budget in 1988, found that household-based assistance given to the tenants cost less than half what project-based assistance given to the landlords cost. Vouchers, for example, cost $27,892 per household. Section 8 Housing, which gives subsidies to the developers based on the incomes of the tenants, costs $58,575 per household. Public housing, built and managed by public-housing authorities, cost $69,863 per household.

While Cisneros's Reinvention Blueprint recognizes the major flaws in HUD, it falls short of what is really needed to reform public housing. As former HUD Secretary Jack Kemp puts it, "The American people do not want to reinvent government, they want to reduce the role of government."

The Republican plan incorporates Cisneros's idea of vouchers but places a five-year limit on their use. It gives states the option to run the voucher program and converts all other HUD programs into block grants. The proposal is sponsored in the House by Sam Brownback (Kan.) and Sue Myrick (N.C.). In the Senate, the key sponsors are Lauch Faircloth (N.C.) and Spence Abraham (Mich.). The plan recognizes that housing is first and foremost a local issue. As Representative Myrick, a former mayor of Charlotte, N.C., puts it, "The age of centralized bureaucracies solving all problems for all the people is over." From her point of view, the war on poverty can be won only "when we eliminate the federal structures that deprive people of self-sufficiency."

The Republican leadership's HUD plan also gives states maximum flexibility to develop their own housing policies. States can adopt voucher programs or let the Federal Government run the program for their state from a new Office of Federal Housing Voucher Assistance at the Department of Health and Human Services. Project-based housing assistance for the elderly, disabled, and people with AIDS would be combined into a block-grant program and turned over to the states.

THE Republican plan will dramatically scale back the role of government mortgage insurance as well. The Federal Housing Administration will be removed from the multifamily insurance business entirely, and old unsound mortgages, foreclosed properties, and existing obligations will be transferred to a new HUD Programs Resolution Agency.

FHA's single-family mortgage-insurance program will also be radically altered. The government will, in effect, cease to insure single-family housing, but will provide a loan-loss reserve for private mortgage insurers for low-income and first-time homebuyers. The $500-million fund will be capitalized through the sale (or reinsurance) of some FHA assets. The Federal Government will be backing only a portion of each mortgage that qualifies for this program instead of the 100 per cent guarantee it now offers. Lenders, private mortgage insurers, and borrowers will all have a stake in each mortgage

"SO, MISS JONES, HOW LONG HAVE YOU WORKED FOR SEN. PACKWOOD?"

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and will be liable for losses in the event of a default. This essentially privatizes the whole FHA single-family insurance program, while maintaining a federal role to encourage first-time home buyers.

THIS change recognizes the reality that the FHA's market niche is shrinking in the face of vigorous competition for the low-income and first-time homebuyer by private mortgage-insurance companies and by innovative programs supported by the Federal National Mortgage Association (Fannie Mae) and the Federal Home Loan Mortgage Association (Freddie Mac), both government-sponsored enterprises, which buy mortgages and pool them to sell into the secondary market. Private mortgage insurers, which typically don't insure mortgages with down payments of less than 20 per cent, have been able to insure mortgages with 3 per cent down on a trial basis.

The privatization of the FHA will address other problems that have been highlighted by Stephen Moore of the Cato Institute. Moore claims that the FHA is taking on too much risk and is headed for a savings-and-loan–style crisis. He also points out that in inner cities FHA default rates run as high as 42 per cent. This leads to a lot of empty houses when the FHA forecloses, and this, in turn, contributes to the decline of inner-city neighborhoods.

Although Newt Gingrich and Bob Dole support the plan to abolish HUD and privatize the FHA, not all Republicans are behind it. For example, Senator Christopher Bond (R., Mo.) wants to keep a substantially downsized HUD in Washington to oversee programs such as housing for the elderly and disabled, and to administer vouchers for housing for the poor. Other Republicans want to continue FHA multifamily insurance in some form.

However, if a nucleus of the old programs is retained, a future Congress could easily reconstitute old, failed policies. For example, since any restructuring plan is likely to retain some project-based assistance beyond the assistance for the elderly and disabled, a future Congress could easily use this as a wedge to reinvigorate the whole HUD enterprise. This is much less likely if HUD is completely dissolved and its operations are transferred to the states.

There's another reason to terminate HUD: it's a ticking financial time bomb. For years Congress has been concealing the potential losses to the FHA's multifamily insurance fund by raising subsidies to projects in order to prevent their default. These subsidies are so high that in 75 per cent of the multifamily properties subsidized by HUD the rents charged for apartments occupied by Section 8 tenants are higher than the rents charged in the private housing market. For 23 per cent of HUD-subsidized multifamily properties, the rents are a stunning 175 per cent of market-level rents.

As vouchers are introduced and project-based assistance is ended, and as rents in housing projects fall to market levels, the long overdue bill for defaults will come due. HUD last year estimated that it may need $10.3 billion to cover the claims against FHA insurance for multifamily housing over the next five years. The potential exposure if HUD is abolished—the entire portfolio of mortgages for project-based housing for the poor—could be as high as $32 billion. Thus, the fact that the Republican leadership's plan to abolish HUD does not lose money in the short term ($17 billion will be saved in the first five years, according to Representative Brownback) is a considerable accomplishment.

The HUD proposal could, nevertheless, use a little more of what Jack Kemp calls "empowerment." Congress should provide funds to implement tenant management and ownership, or encourage the states to do so. This would preserve salvageable housing that might otherwise default. As Kemp suggests, Congress could also promote enterprise zones in neighborhoods where public housing is dominant, thereby bringing in business activity and jobs. Thus, while taxpayers would also gain from this plan, its prime beneficiaries would be those currently trapped in poverty in the projects. □

Static Cling

In clinging to their static forecast model, congressmen ignore human nature—including their own.

William Garretson

FEDERAL budget rules prevent Congress from considering any legislation that lowers projected federal revenues without providing sufficient tax increases or spending cuts to fully offset the projected losses. During the recent debate on the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), the U.S. Senate (with President Clinton's support) waived these rules, which would have necessitated making $30 billion in spending cuts or tax increases. The President justified the budget waivers by correctly arguing that the congressional revenue estimates were flawed and that the lower tariff rates under GATT would increase overall tax revenues by expanding the volume of international trade.

Some Republicans, including Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole and House Majority Leader Dick Armey, have argued that the same logic should apply to domestic tax cuts. More specifically, they argue that lowering the capital-gains tax rate will result in more frequent investment transactions, higher capital-gains realizations, and increased federal tax receipts.

Unfortunately, the current "static" methodology employed by the Department of the Treasury and Congress's Joint Committee on Taxation to forecast tax revenues assumes that taxpayer behavior will remain largely unchanged by the incidence and level of taxation. By failing to consider how individuals alter their behavior to avoid increased taxes, the static model overestimates revenue gains from tax-rate increases and revenue losses from tax-rate cuts. Thus, the static model biases the budget process in favor of government expansion and contributes to growing budget deficits by providing Congress with

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projected revenues that never materialize. In fact, the Congressional Budget Office recently acknowledged that its deficit projections for fiscal years 1995–99 were $127 billion low; nearly half of the error can be attributed to overly optimistic revenue projections for Clinton's 1993 tax hike.

Many Republicans favor altering the economic model to consider behavioral effects of taxes. White House Chief of Staff Leon Panetta characterized such plans as "smoke and mirrors" budgeting. Office of Management and Budget Director Alice Rivlin called planned revisions "nonsense." However, Congress and the IRS have unwittingly provided proof of the behavioral effects of tax increases in their own reaction to the Energy Policy Act of 1992.

A provision included in this Act by House Democrat Bob Matsui increased, from $21 per month to $60 per month, the mass-transit subsidy that employers could provide tax-exempt, and it applied income taxes to employer-provided parking worth more than $155 per month. To comply with the Act, the House Committee on Administration commissioned Ernst & Young to assess the value of Capitol Hill parking spaces. The firm's report valued assigned Capitol Hill parking spaces at $290 per month, and unassigned garage spots at $145 per month. In June 1994, the committee notified House members and staff that they had the option to switch their parking status from reserved to unreserved, but that those who kept reserved spots would be taxed on $135 in supplemental income per month. According to sources, the committee modeled the policy on a tax-avoidance scheme used earlier in the year by IRS employees.

When the dust settled, only 111 members of Congress kept their reserved parking, and fully 78 per cent of all members and staff downgraded to unreserved parking. Notably, Martin Sabo, chairman of the House Budget Committee during the last Congress, gave up his reserved parking, as did Bob Matsui, author of the tax change and a key member of the Ways and Means Committee.

A purely static analysis would assume that no members or staff would switch parking spots—that the tax base would remain unchanged and the tax revenues would increase by an amount equal to the income-tax rate multiplied by the value of all reserved parking spots held prior to the Energy Policy Act. Taxpayers of all professions and economic backgrounds try to minimize their tax burdens. Given that congressmen prove to be no exception, their opposition to economic models that consider the incentive or behavioral effects of tax policy is glaring. □

Last Rites

Such are the Episcopal Church's divisions that a $2.2-million robbery is not the greatest of its worries.

William Murchison

WITH the $2.2 million she embezzled from the Episcopal Church, Ellen Cooke purchased a 23-acre vacation farm, a large home, a necklace from Tiffany's, and pretty much everything else she wanted. Her benefactions included gifts of $88,000 to the parish her husband served as rector. When she resigned last January as the church's national treasurer, Presiding Bishop Edmond Browning lauded her "prudent and wise fiscal management."

In other church news, the 61-year-old Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts recently shot himself to death. Investigation disclosed that the bishop, David Johnson, who was married, had a lady friend on the side. Speculation centered on his possible reluctance to leave her after his retirement. It also came to light that during his ministry, Johnson—the chief pastor and moral example in one of the Episcopal Church's most visible dioceses—had carried on several other extramarital affairs, some of which seemed to involve sexual exploitation.

Sex of another sort entirely is the focus of a third controversy—potentially the gravest of the lot. Ten conservative bishops have filed ecclesiastical charges against another bishop, Walter C. Righter, accusing him of doctrinal infidelity in ordaining a practicing homosexual. If a quarter of the church's bishops—around 75—agree in writing, Righter will be called to account in a special church court.

Righter has become the center of a steadily worsening tempest over homosexuality. Scores of bishops reportedly stand ready to ordain homosexuals if they feel the coast is clear, which it isn't as long as the Righter matter is pending. Scores of other bishops, pointing to the Christian consensus on homosexuality and the need for a virtuous clergy, affirm that they won't put up with any such outcome. Maybe not least for demographic reasons? Last February, a homosexual Episcopal priest—who shared his New Jersey rectory with another priest who was his lover—died of AIDS.

The church of Washington, Lee, and the Roosevelts; of Clement Clarke Moore and J. P. Morgan, not to mention Chuck Robb, Ollie North, Phil Gramm, and a host of devout, semi-devout, and thoroughly non-devout men and women in love with the solemnities of the sacraments and a lingering English beauty in liturgical language and church ornamentation—this same Episcopal Church groans and shivers on its foundations. It hangs together through inertia, despair, and rhetorical syrup.

Inertia whispers that everything's fine in *my* parish, where the family stained glass filters out glare from the real world. Despair counsels that nothing I do will matter. Rhetorical syrup about community, collegiality, dialogue, and entering into each other's pain, sharing each other's truths, drowns effective discussion of catastrophic problems.

A calorie-laden sample from Browning's report last winter to the Executive Council: "We are called on to go much deeper into the meaning of the other. We are called to engage in the struggle of the other to make meaning. We are called to meet at a level where everyone understands that we are all struggling to

Mr. Murchison, author of Reclaiming Morality in America *(1994), is writing a book on the Episcopal Church.*

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make meaning. . . . That we recognize we are all struggling to make meaning in a chaotic world, in a chaotic church —that we are called to be together in that, to take the risk of putting our own meaning on the table, realizing it isn't the only one."

Gibberish. But then, the central truth about Edmond Browning and the modern Episcopal Church is that their world view excludes central truths. At least those for which anybody might want to die. Oh, well, yes, there's Jesus; but it's hard sometimes to be sure what significance the Episcopal Church accords conversion and salvation in a world where so much needs to be said about homosexuality and multiculturalism.

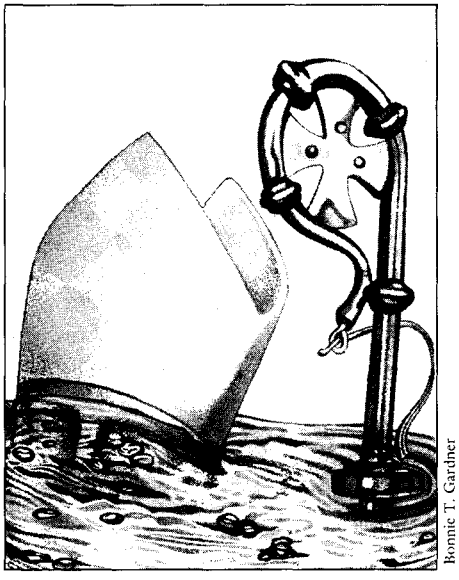
For a quarter of a century, conservatives have been taking their meanings elsewhere—first, to ad hoc churches claiming Anglican affiliation but structural independence from the Episcopal Church; more recently, to Eastern Orthodoxy and to Rome. The Episcopal Church has a third fewer members than thirty years ago, when it could justly claim to be centered on worship and Scripture instead of feelings and self-expression. Last November, the church reported a modest gain of 12,483 members (to 2,504,682—about half a million fewer than the Muslims). Alas, the report was delivered by Ellen Cooke. Skeptics may want to undertake their own nose counts.

THE church's traumas date back at least three decades, to the controversies stirred up by the celebrated Bishop James Pike of California, who asserted his inalienable right to deny the Trinity and the Virgin Birth and yet remain in his post as Christian shepherd and teacher. Orthodox bishops futilely preferred heresy charges against him. Even then there weren't enough orthodox bishops to press those convictions.

Possibly this should have surprised no one, since tolerance of divergent viewpoints within an overall tradition had long been an Anglican hallmark. There is perforce in Anglicanism no mechanism for enforcing belief. Scripture, tradition, and reason—Anglicanism's famous three-legged stool—were once enough. Until the Sixties came along and liberals discarded two of the legs—Scripture and tradition—and started prescribing on the basis of what they took for reason, which turned out to be whatever the writer or speaker had on his mind.

During the Sixties, the Episcopal Church began its long, easy descent. Having saved Bishop Pike's bacon, liberals conspired with unsuspecting Anglo-Catholics in a savage revision of the church's majestic prayer book. Flat, bald modern language replaced in large degree the luminous, inspirational, and only occasionally murky prayers of sixteenth-century vintage. Many thousands of devoted worshippers, escorted down from the liturgical mountaintop to the back loading dock, were alienated, some permanently.

The next step, for the process people, was the ordination of women—a move



Bonnie T. Gardner

the liberals insisted was in keeping with the doctrine of unfolding revelation. They acknowledged that Christians had never ordained women before, but this was a new age and the Holy Spirit was moving among us, telling us new things . . . Priestesses became a reality in 1977, and Christianity's common understanding of priesthood was suddenly a dead letter in Episcopal circles.

The enfranchisement, so to speak, of women prompted demands for the empowerment of other groups and subgroups deemed to have been previously left out. Chiefly, the new mood affected homosexuals, who are drawn to the Episcopal Church in disproportionate numbers, owing perhaps to the church's highly developed aesthetic sense. Many of these have been inspired to demand ordination; still others want the church to bless their relationships—a step strongly advocated by the modern Bishop Pike, namely Bishop John Spong of Newark. Both notions contradict the deep-seated conviction among many Episcopalians that heterosexual monogamy is the Christian norm and that extramarital sex is sinful.

THE Ellen Cooke and Walter Righter affairs may prove climactic in the church's internal battles. The tussle over Righter's right to ordain whomever he chooses has enlisted, in the cause of traditional morality, bishops who up to now have watched with detachment all these strange proceedings.

The Cooke affair reminds ordinary Episcopalians that the Episcopal Church, besides failing to teach personal responsibility, fails to model it convincingly. Ellen Cooke operated for eight years under Browning's nose and protection. Her autocratic style was widely feared and resented. Yet the presiding bishop declined to intervene until it was too late. Did he suppose that rebuking a woman treasurer might damage his sensitive-man image? Browning says he accepts responsibility for the treasurer's depredations, yet so far he shows no intention of resigning—the usual step for a leader caught napping at the switch. Remaining in power, however, permits him to appoint the committees for the 1997 General Convention, and thus to determine what happens there.

Nonetheless, the consequences of the Cooke affair are explosive. Disgusted Episcopalians have begun snapping shut their pocketbooks, causing dramatic cutbacks in national church programs. Meanwhile, against the possibility that ordination of homosexuals may become official policy, conservative bishops are reportedly laying the groundwork for a federation of orthodox-leaning dioceses. The federation may or may not come to rest inside a church calling itself Episcopal. What it would do is keep at arm's length a national church deemed to have sold out the faith in the quest for "meaning." More and more, such an outcome seems the likeliest one—a parting of the ways and a division before the spoiled brats have appropriated everything to themselves.

Wouldn't that be movement—and "process"? All this time, from the Brownings and Righters and Spongs, has come the call to move along there, quit looking backward wistfully as we compare our varied meanings. The right reverend gentlemen may be astonished at the uses to which their advice can be put. □

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

July 10, 1995

Dear Rusty,

Thank God! We're finally getting the advice we've needed these past three years.

Forgive me if I'm a little fired up—I show my emotions too easily, Dad always says—but I've just come from what was probably the best, most concise, most invigorating political strategy session I've ever attended—and I'm including the ones we held during my "dignified, principled" (NEW REPUBLIC 6/6/86, 7/12/86, 7/19/86, 8/31/86, 9/23/86, 10/10/86 et al.) 1988 presidential campaign.

R. Morris, Connecticut Strategist, just socked it to us! And how! He's the Administration's new advisor, the one everyone's talking about. I guess he was once some kind of Republican ("We all were, son," Dad said when I told him), but he and Bill and Mrs. William J. Clinton go way back, apparently, so I guess that's not an issue. He's also kind of conservative ("We all were, Al," Bill told me when I voiced some concern) but apparently he's evolved a lot—kind of like Kevin Phillips.

At first I was skeptical—did we really need to hear another Republican crossover? As Tipper put it, "This guy Morris sounds like Dr. Gergen without the press clips," and, typically, she hit the nail on the head. But I'll be honest, Rusty: R. Morris, Connecticut Strategist, is the Rx we've been looking for.

He's different from the others we brought in before. He's different from Carville and Begala. From Grunwald and Gearan. From Ickes, Daley, Nussbaum, and Cutler. From Gergen and Panetta and Coelho. From Thomases and the Thomasons. I'm telling you, he's different.

In the first place, we're not allowed to look directly at him. In meetings, he sits facing away, usually looking out the window. A bright light shines in our eyes, keeping him in shadow. His voice is deep and kind of scary. Put all those together with the fog-making machine, and you have the makings of a very creepy strategy session.

"Propose your own balanced budget!" he intoned during our last meeting. I thought Mrs. W.J.C. was going to lose it right then and there—she's been firmly in the Gephardt/Daschle camp for months: do nothing and wait for the Republicans to hang themselves, which they should do by '96. '97 at the latest. '02 on the outside.

But there she was, squinting into the light, nodding and taking notes, as R. Morris, Connecticut Strategist, boomed on: "Don't balance it in seven years, balance it in ten—split the difference!" he boomed. The windows rattled. I could see tourists, ambling along the fortifications of Pennsylvania Avenue, look up at the noise.

I had a question of my own. "But what about Gephardt and Daschle? What about Jesse Jackson and the liberal wing of the party?"

"KILL THEM!" came the thundering reply.

I could see Mrs. W.J.C., hunched over her legal pad, underlining the words "KILL THEM."

"Wait a sec," I said. "Kill them? You mean, like, kill them for real?"

R. Morris, Connecticut Strategist, cleared his throat. Through the bright light, I could see him shift in his seat. "Well," he said, "don't KILL them kill them. Kill them politically. Abandon them. Beat 'em up."

Mrs. W.J.C. added "POLITICALLY" in parentheses next to "KILL THEM" on her legal pad.

"You mean pull a Sister Soulja?" Bill asked.

"You have learned well, my son. And now, I tire. Away you must go. To sleep I must."

"But Master," Mrs. W.J.C. cried, "we still have so many questions! What about defense spending?"

"Increase it—but only a little."

"And Bosnia?"

"I recommend something along the lines of half measures."

"And capital gains?"

"Find out what they're going to do, and then do something a little bit like it."

"And Bob Dole?"

"Well, this is a little awkward. I'm working for him, too. But you can rest assured that I'm giving him the exact same advice. And now, you leave. It's tiring, this shadowy genius business."

And we all shuffled out of the room. The next week, Bill's and my poll numbers were up 8 points, cresting at a 53 per cent approval—our highest ever! Our ten-year balanced budget plan is at least as popular as their seven-year plan. Our tax-cut plan is half as much as theirs; our capital gains reduction plan takes place over six years to their three; we're increasing the defense budget by two hundred billion dollars instead of four; and as far as pornography on the Internet goes, we split that difference too: we don't mind topless, but we draw the line at the waist.

We're learning, Rusty! I just hope it's in time!

Your pal, Al

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

If Commissars Wrote History

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

WITHIN the former Soviet bloc, nobody of any repute has appeared to defend Communism or to lament its demise. It has been left to a veteran Communist in the West, Eric Hobsbawm, to do that. Often he refers to Communism as "socialism," but that is word-play. A key sentence of his book reads: "The failure of Soviet socialism does not reflect on the possibility of other kinds of socialism." The whole murderous enterprise would start again, if he had his way.

Hobsbawm has lived through all but a few years of what he calls the Short Twentieth Century, the period from 1914 to 1991. The historian, he writes, has the calling of being a professional remembrancer of what other citizens wish to forget. However, instead of bearing witness and remembering, Hobsbawm, an emeritus professor at the University of London and the New School for Social Research, deals in the usual omissions and misrepresentations whereby Communists have always con-

The Age of Extremes: A History of the World, 1914–1991, by Eric Hobsbawm (Pantheon, 627 pp., $30)

verted history into their cause. It would take a book of equal length to set straight this tendentious record.

The core doctrine of Marxism was that capitalism and Communism were mutually exclusive classes doomed to fight to the finish. In reality, the issue lay neither in class nor in money but in the rule of law. In this century, lawless revolutionaries, whether Soviet or Nazi, enforced their political monopoly through terror. The thrust of this book obscures how Communists and Nazis used comparable justifications and methods in the assault against law-based societies. The victory of law makes no impression on Mr. Hobsbawm.

Defensive mystification starts with the numerous classifications, great and small, imposed upon the period: the Age of Total War, for instance, the Golden Age, the Age of Catastrophe, the Crisis Decades, the "disturbed Seventies" and the "traumatic Eighties," "the age of the automobile and of the cinema," but then "the age not of Henry Ford but of Benetton." Some of these ages run coincidentally; some turn without a break into their opposite.

"It is no accident," as Hobsbawm likes to repeat, *Pravda*-like, without irony. These classifications stem from the prior need for class war to seem to be moving from one stage to the next. The thematic treatment further allows material introduced in one place to be qualified in another, and retracted or contradicted elsewhere. Ranging across countries and continents, Latin America in particular, Hobsbawm brings in science, post-modernism, a variety of statistics, and much else as evidence of the alleged toing and froing between Communism and capitalism. Much of this is informative in itself even though the organizing principle is too fanciful for it.

Roman Genn

As in a thousand Communist hack works, the underlying historical reduction could hardly be more simplistic. Thus, "Marxism offered the hope of the millennium." Lenin and the Bolsheviks could have behaved in no other way in 1917 and afterwards. They won popular support and legitimacy, but the rest of the world let them down. The Slump vindicated the command economy, while almost scuppering capitalism, and producing Hitler. Stalin modernized and industrialized the Soviet Union, and this was "a towering achievement." Without it, Hitler would have won the war. For the sake of the arms industry, American and other capitalists spurned Stalin's friendship, and so were responsible for the Cold War. Western governments saved themselves after 1945 only by adopting the command economy, but were typically ungrateful.

No mention of the secret Soviet rearmament of Germany between the wars; and never mind the lessons in violence that Hitler learned from Lenin and Stalin. The Hitler–Stalin Pact and the carve-up of Poland are dropped as asides. Presented as a creature of economic circumstances and nationalism, Hitler seems merely feeble, in contrast to Lenin and Stalin busily reinventing mankind. His crimes seem almost secondary. The reader is carefully sheltered from anything that might lead him to draw the obvious comparisons between the kindred totalitarian systems.

For Hobsbawm, the Communist form of organization was "a formidable innovation of twentieth-century social engineering." Ordinary people in this view really are the masses, fit only to be regimented by admirable revolutionaries. A certain minimum, it is true, has to be grudgingly conceded, but this can be glossed over when returning to the topic under some other classification.

Mr. Pryce-Jones is the author of The Strange Death of the Soviet Union, *to be published in September by Holt.*

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Stalin may have been "an autocrat of exceptional, some might say unique ferocity, ruthlessness, and lack of scruple," but still he showed "a sound sense of public relations" in turning himself into a czar. "For a collection of peasants and animal-herding peoples mentally living in the Western equivalent of the eleventh century, this was almost certainly the most effective way of establishing the legitimacy of the new regime." So much for them.

Airy dismissals such as that conceal enforced collectivization and famine, with deportation and death for millions, including whole ethnic groups, and the destruction of settled ways and faiths. No mention of Beria and the machinery of mass murder, or even of the KGB. Only one victim is singled out by name, the famous geneticist Nikolai Vavilov. No mention of the numerous slave rebellions or factory and camp riots, nor of dissidents incarcerated in psychiatric hospitals. Solzhenitsyn is cunningly belittled as someone who came up through the system. Nobody could discover from this book the brute Soviet reality.

Nationalism runs counter to the doctrine of class warfare; thus small nations and their cultures are special targets of hate in books such as this. Never mind the Grand Duchy of Lithuania; the Baltic states are judged to have no historical identity but were simply "acquired" by the Soviet Union in 1939 and 1944, only to "secede" in 1989. No mention of the repression of the Balts, which was not far short of genocide. The whole of Eastern and Central Europe between 1944 and 1949 euphemistically "broke with capitalism" and "moved into the socialist camp," as if by choice. No mention of Katyn Forest. No mention of the murder and suppression of democrats in every so-called People's Republic. When at last the liberation for which all these peoples had longed arrived in 1989, it seemed to Hobsbawm only to create "an international void between Trieste and Vladivostok." So much for them too.

America was the class enemy, and its democracy was therefore "unfortunately" more dangerous to the world than the Soviet Union. The Third World had managed to free itself from Western imperialism, only to be kept by America as "a zone of war." Communism collapsed for two reasons. "The heart had gone out of the party," meaning that its leaders were no longer killing people as before. And the free market in the West had led to "the globalization of the economy," which was not only discreditable in itself, and unfair, but a threat to all future existence. No mention of the subversion and espionage by which the Soviet Union had skillfully globalized its politics.

In the collapse of Communism, peoples of very different backgrounds rejected the doctrine of class war and everything that went with it. How, one wonders, can an undoubtedly intelligent and diligent man have remained within a mindset so exploded by experience?

The psychology driving this book is of far greater interest than anything in its content. Personal touches and footnotes reveal that Hobsbawm believes in revolution as a supreme value in itself, as unchangeable as an act of worship. From Lenin to Castro and Guevara, and assorted guerrillas and urban terrorists, his heroes are those willing to kill for this supreme value. Murder passes as self-sacrifice. What can be the source of such monstrous contempt for human beings? It was as well for us all that this natural commissar never found the circumstances in which to express his inner self through deeds rather than words. □

Picture This

ERIC GIBSON

FEEL LIKE hugging a tree? Want to take the family to Yellowstone National Park this summer, or idle with them in a Roman piazza admiring the play of water in a Bernini fountain? What impels us to do such things, and what kind of satisfaction do we expect from them? These are among the questions Simon Schama poses, and answers brilliantly, in his new book, which might better have been called *Landscape* into *Memory*.

Mr. Schama's is no ordinary study of landscape or of nature. He is out to ex-

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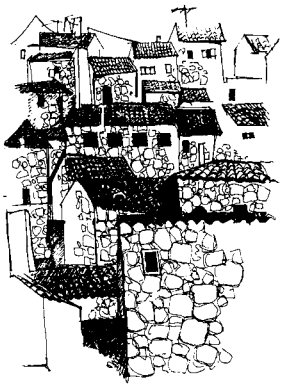
amine not so much landscape per se—whether topography or art—as the idea of landscape. He is interested in how man has shaped and interpreted the land and what forces, be they conscious or unconscious, have conditioned his approaches. In other words, Schama wants nothing less than to strip away the layers of myth that have grown up around certain parts of the natural world and even the idea of nature itself. He describes his process as an "excavation," one aiming to delve "below our conventional sight-level to recover the veins of myth and memory that lie beneath the surface." It is an apt metaphor. Reading the book one has the feeling of reaching far into the past, beyond history and into the most inchoate zones of our collective psyche. It is a steady but relentless uncovering, like peeling away the layers of an onion or, well, counting the rings inside a tree. (It is impossible to discuss a book of this kind without resorting to nature metaphors—proof, maybe, of Schama's point about the firm grip of landscape on our imaginations.)



The questions Mr. Schama poses are fundamental ones, so much so that it is easy to see why no one has troubled to look into them before—one often misses what is right in front of one's nose. Art historian Barbara Novak's 1978 *Nature and Culture*, about nineteenth-century American landscape painting, is one of the few exceptions. And there have been a number of fictional treatments of the subject, notably Andrei Konchalovsky's lyrical cinematic epic *Siberiade* (released here in the early 1980s), which traced the hundred-year history of one small corner of the then Soviet Union.

In keeping with the character of his subject, what Schama has written is no tidy, linear history. On the contrary, it is hard to think of a recent book that has drawn on such a vast store of material, or that ranges so widely in its intellectual and geographical scope. Mr. Schama trains his gaze on Poland, England, the American West, ancient and Baroque Rome, and the forest of Fontainebleau, among other places. Masterpieces of high art such as the paintings of the German Romantic Caspar David Friedrich keep company with kitsch icons such as Mount Rushmore. Disciplines as varied as art history, military history, botany, and physics are used to disclose the particular truths the author is after. We learn about everything from the origins of Americans' sanctification of the West to such small items as the etymology of words such as "landscape" and "forest" and idioms such as "caught red-handed," or the particular kind of wood the English navy needed for the curved portion of a hull during the sixteenth century.

And can there be a recent work of non-fiction that boasts such a varied and lively cast of characters? It runs from Hermann Goering to Sir Walter Raleigh, and from Ansel Adams to Henry Hastings, the seventeenth-century Englishman who entertained his guests in a room that had been built in the hollow of an oak; his house "was filled with an inconceivable number of hunting, pointing, and retrieving dogs," and on the walls there hung "two seasons' worth of fox-skins with the occasional polecat pelt mixed in among them."

Landscape and Memory, by Simon Schama (Knopf, 652 pp., $40)

What is perhaps Mr. Schama's most powerful idea comes at the very beginning of the book. "Although we are accustomed to separate nature and human perception into two realms, they are, in fact, indivisible," he writes. "Before it can ever be a repose for the senses, landscape is the work of the mind. Its scenery is built up as much from strata of memory as from layers of rock." In other words, that lovely view you admire, that trek you take, isn't "natural" but is, on some level—possibly many—a construct. Does this mean that it is all phony, that everything "natural" is just a Disney concoction of fakery and fantasy? No. Schama is simply arguing that man has been shaping the land since time began, and that even if we could, at this point, encounter an "untouched" patch of earth, our response to it would itself be anything but virgin.

Schama's tracing of the impact of man and mind on nature makes for the best reading in the book. Consider the American West. We take for granted our present-day veneration of the redwoods, sequoias, and other such natural wonders. Yet when America's early settlers didn't regard woods and forests as simply barbaric, writes Mr. Schama, they took the Puritan view that equated forests with pagan darkness and profanity. Hence when the sequoias were discovered in the nineteenth-century, their majesty was not, to say the least, immediately apparent. They were regarded as freaks of nature and treated accordingly; famously, one tree was felled and planed into a bowling alley, the stump used as a dance floor. It was only the gathering notion that anything so big must have been around since time began (that is, since the birth of Christ)—coupled with the corollary idea that by allowing such vast witnesses to flourish in America, God had signaled it as His chosen land—that transformed them from oddities to votaries. This section is typical of the way Schama demonstrates how ideas come together like links in a chain to forge our perception of nature and land.

In the course of his "excavation," Mr. Schama highlights a number of ironies in our attitudes toward landscape. One of these might be described as the opposition between the real and the ideal. Yosemite may be overrun with tourists, he argues, but we still see it as a kind of Eden. Or take the common assumption that every century except our own has been a careful steward of the land. Not so, Mr. Schama demonstrates. In the eighteenth century England's New Forest was strip-mined for naval timber (it took two thousand mature oaks at around two tons each to produce a 75-gun ship), to the point where it was practically denuded, throwing Britain's shipbuilding industry (and thus its national security) into a crisis.

Besides being large, Schama's subject is elusive, even abstract. Yet *Landscape and Memory* is a tour de force of insights, connections, and revelations. Mr. Schama's readings of works of art, when he comes to them—which is often—are sound. One would expect an historian, particularly one engaged in a project like this, to treat them as mere illustrations of his ideas. But he has a better grasp of what artists do and how aesthetic objects act on us than many professional art historians.

If this book has a flaw, it is that Mr. Schama tries to be too comprehensive.

Mr. Gibson is the executive editor of ARTnews.

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The various sections are so wide-ranging and complete in themselves that they could have constituted separate books. One often feels that the author needs something more to tie it all together, fascinating though the individual case histories are. In other words—forgive another nature metaphor—sometimes he can't see the forest for the trees.

In spite of this, *Landscape and Memory* is an immensely rewarding book. Long before coming to the end of it, you find yourself looking at the world—and yourself—differently. What hidden assumptions am I harboring? Is that patch of green "nature" or just someone's idea of it? And so on. Like the giant sequoias, this book sinks deep roots, but into one's consciousness. □

Well!

JAMES GARDNER

THIS IS how Walter Pater begins his only completed novel, *Marius the Epicurean*: "As, in the triumph of Christianity, the old religion lingered latest in the country, and died out at last as but paganism—the religion of the villagers, before the advance of the Christian Church; so, in an earlier century, it was in places remote from town-life that the older and purer forms of paganism itself had survived the longest."

I have this recurring fantasy: Ugly, nervous, reticent, and insecure Mr. Pater, Fellow of Brasenose and one of the foremost essayists of the nineteenth century, returns to life in the 1990s and presents his work at the offices of a modern publisher. A few moments later, he and his feverishly effete manuscript are flying headlong out the door, leaving the dithering don to intone his favorite expression: "Well!" For the prose of our times is the prose of unadorned utterance. It cannot tolerate embellishment of any kind. Pater by contrast is the epitome of empurpled, Mandarin prose, the kind that, since Orwell, we "know" to be wrong. Like the attar to the rose, he is the distilled quintessence of the late nineteenth century, and thus of little real utility to our more efficient age.

Walter Pater: Lover of Strange Souls, by Denis Donoghue (Knopf, 364 pp., $27.50)

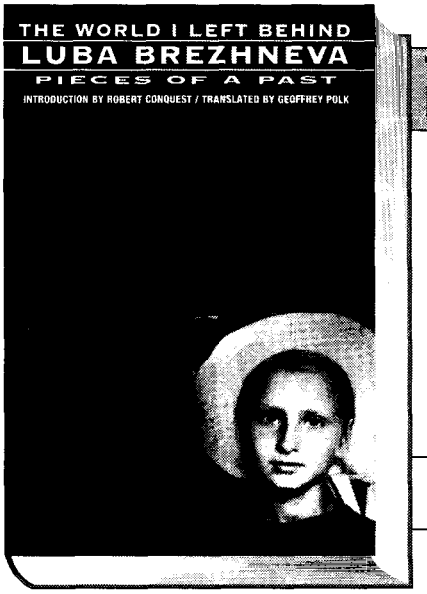
It is with hope that one begins reading Denis Donoghue's new book, *Walter Pater: Lover of Strange Souls*, since a good biography of Pater is needed. The challenge is great, because Pater is famous for having lived a life without incident, for being someone to whom nothing really ever happened. As an Oxford don he lived a quiet existence of study and imperfectly repressed homosexuality, occasionally traveling to the Continent to look at art, and enjoying the society of some of the best minds of his age: Edmund Gosse, John Addington Symonds, Gerard Manley Hopkins. Of course, the same difficulties attend the life of Henry James, whom Pater also knew, but that did not deter Leon Edel from turning out two thousand splendid pages about the novelist. Donoghue, by contrast, has little new material to reveal about his subject, and his treatment is perfunctory in the extreme. In fact, only the first third of the book is biography, the rest being a protracted literary appraisal.

What animates Donoghue throughout the book is the twofold conviction that Pater was a closet rebel and that he was an essential originator of modernism. "The writer I emphasize in this book is the antinomian Pater," Donoghue writes—that is, Pater as transgressor of Victorian morality. This is a Pater for the 1990s, from whom all the Victorian restraint that was his defining feature has been stripped away, until we are left with a mincing aesthete with a taste for fruity prose, a spurner of Christianity, an advocate of sexual freedom.

As to the point about Pater as modernist, Donoghue claims that he "is audible in virtually every attentive modern writer—in Hopkins, Wilde, James, Yeats, Pound, Ford, Woolf, Joyce, Eliot, Aiken, Hart Crane, Fitzgerald, Forster, Borges, Stevens, Ammons, Tomlinson, and Ashbury." This is silly for a number of reasons. Does Mr.

Mr. Gardner is NR*'s art critic.*

AS DRAMATIC AS A RUSSIAN NOVEL, THE MEMOIR OF LEONID BREZHNEV'S NIECE.



THE WORLD I LEFT BEHIND
LUBA BREZHNEVA

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ROBERT CONQUEST

RANDOM HOUSE

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Donoghue not see that, even if we accept this discernment of influence, and we should not, he is talking about only English-speakers, except for Borges, a famous Anglophile? Unfortunately, Mr. Donoghue can respond to Pater in only one way, that is, as a founder of modernism, someone from whom each of the giants of a later age took away whatever he needed, while ignoring the rest. Here we have Pater as a kind of cultural organ donor, essentially dead in himself, but able to buttress and enhance the vitality of those subsequent writers whom Donoghue cares about rather more. When, in trying to prove the modernity of Pater, he draws an equivalency between Pater's obscurity and the obscurity of Mallarmé, and thus describes Pater's prose as Symbolist, he seems to be on very shaky ground. For whereas Mallarmé's obscurity is entirely modernist, presaging the anfractuosities of Proust and René Char, Pater looks to the densely classical prose of Pliny and Fronto and of such near contemporaries as Landor and Bulwer-Lytton. The essential point is that, although Pater may indeed have anticipated certain trends dear to our century, he belonged heart and soul to an earlier stage of our culture, one that could read Latin and Greek without difficulty and Winckelmann without laughter.

Donoghue has read all of Pater, and has read him closely. He often turns a phrase well, as when he refers to Pater's dithering style as trying "to defer the unhappiness of coming to a conclusion." Along the way he makes a number of good points, so that this book is far more useful than, for example, Harold Bloom's writings on Pater. And yet ultimately one feels that author and subject are mismatched. Mr. Donoghue seems to have litle sympathy and some antipathy for Pater, but more than anything he sees Pater as an oddly soulless object, a stepping-stone to the real matrix of one's attention, namely Joyce, Stevens, and Ashbury. The definitive book on Pater is still to be written. □

Greatness in Flushing Meadows

JEFFREY HART

IF YOU frequent large and miscellaneous antique shows, you learn all sorts of things from old memorabilia. Some are surprising, such as that Bill McKinley was the most beloved of all American Presidents. Other things are not so surprising, such as that the New York World's Fair of 1939–40, at Flushing Meadows, was probably the most brilliant fair of all time, including the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851. I went to it almost every day, and I don't need the memorabilia to tell me how important it was.

1939: The Lost World of the Fair, by David Gelernter (Free Press, 418 pp., $23)

Which brings me to David Gelernter's book, whose subtitle should be noted: *The Lost World of the Fair*. His subject is the lost world of the later 1930s as much as it is the Fair itself.

I cannot do more than begin to suggest here the richness of his treatment. In the New York City of 1939 that he paints here the subways and streets were not only safe but clean. In that city there were only forty murders per year; just think of that. Executions were very prompt. Manners at all levels were more formal than ours. In the middle and upper classes, men wore suits and ties. Women never wore shorts. There were rituals about when to touch your hat and when to take it off, correct modes of introduction, established rules governing interaction between the sexes. Men *always* remained standing until the last woman was seated. Gelernter calls this an "ought" culture to contrast it with our "want" culture—not an altogether satisfactory choice of terms, but pretty good.

He notices that art, technology, and their cousin, design, were allied, and shrewdly sees that this was because people wanted to get things done and expected to do so. Engineers were heroes. Among his greatest doers were Robert Moses, the master builder; Fiorello LaGuardia, the mayor; and Franklin Roosevelt, the President—all men of *authority*, a key word here.

Mr. Gelernter believes that, since the time of the Fair, authority has evaporated. He is certainly correct in this, but he offers no theory to explain it. Perhaps it has something to do with the circumstances we live in. Could LaGuardia himself have kicked off West 96th Street that "homeless" maniac who terrorized the neighborhood for months? Could LaGuardia have cut through the years of fuss and actually put *pissoirs* on New York's streets? Could Robert Moses, of Jones Beach, the Triborough Bridge, countless playgrounds, and magnificent public swimming pools, have rescued Times Square or even built a new highway on the West Side?

Mr. Gelernter is good, but also not entirely satisfactory, on the Fair itself. His device for taking us there is a fictitious diary by a bright young woman who went to the Fair. This does not quite rise to the subject, nor does Mr. Gelernter's own excellent research. He should have looked at the Fair more closely, more continuously and intensely. Yet meaning after meaning emerges.

The hero of the Fair was George Washington, whose large though banal statue graced the place: the Father of His Country, the very image of authority. Then you had the Trylon and Perisphere, by the great firm of Harrison and Fouilhoux. Let us explicate.

The Trylon was, by Fair regulations, the tallest structure there. No other was allowed to be as tall. Of course you can guess what the second tallest structure was: the Soviet pavilion with the Worker atop. He held aloft a huge red star that gazed angrily at night toward the Trylon and Perisphere, which were gleaming white but sometimes bathed in pastel colors.

The Soviet pavilion was a depressing and heavy hulk of Stalinist imperial architecture. All that I can remember from inside were some folk dancers and a replica station from the Moscow Metro, chandeliers and all. You can probably imagine my reaction, even at age 9, to the aesthetics here. Good old Ivan—the Worker—was a stitch. He had a thick neck and thick wrists, infallible signs of proletarian virtue. He seemed disconcertingly stupid. Ah, this was what Stalin was putting up against the

Mr. Hart is a senior editor at NR.

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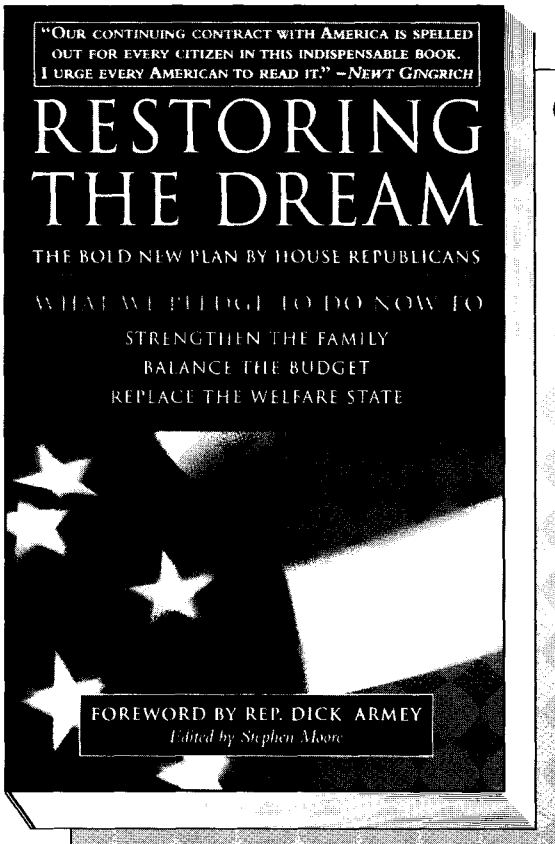
Trylon and Perisphere? At 9, I became an anti-Communist at a glance.

An adult, meanwhile, would have seen that the Trylon and Perisphere were not casually conceived some lazy afternoon down at Harrison and Fouilhoux. He would have seen that they were a climax of High Modernism, perhaps its greatest architectural achievement. In their geometric character, they represented pure Mind. Henri Matisse had held that all spatial forms could be resolved into triangles, spheres, and cubes: the beginning of Cubism. The Eiffel Tower had famously insulted the low mansard roofs of Paris. Architects connected with European formalism had experimented with huge spires as images of aspiration, and one had even been submitted in a design for Coney Island. Wallace Harrison and André Fouilhoux (Wally and Andy to their architect friends) knew all this and figured out how to bring it to a brilliant result.

What did the two gigantic monuments mean? George Washington, the Father of His Country, had his Egyptian obelisk, a symbol of maleness, in Washington, D.C. This had to be retained, but also transformed. The four-sided obelisk became the three-sided Trylon. (Ezra Pound: "Make it new.") Meanwhile, just as the Trylon was a representation of masculinity, the globular Perisphere was pregnant with The World of Tomorrow, a giant model inside named "Democracity." Between the Soviet pavilion on the one hand, and the Trylon and Perisphere on the other, the Fair symbolized the greatest conflict of our age, and suggested its resolution.

Much of what this model, and the rest of the Fair, foresaw came to pass. That poor Soviet Worker, with his thick wrists and thick skull, did not stand a chance against the energy and creativity of the West, represented by Harrison and Fouilhoux. Neither, ultimately, did the regime that shipped him here in crates. If the poor clod could have escaped from his Stalinist perch, I like to think he would have headed for the Parachute Jump, the Aquacade, and the Voyage to Mars, picking up a Zombie (a drink that was "one to a customer") on the way.

The Fair was consciously designed to represent optimism and brains at home to the cruel new utopias so menacing abroad. Maybe that is why we cared about it so much. The good news is that the Fair—brilliance, energy, speed, electronics, intelligence—won. □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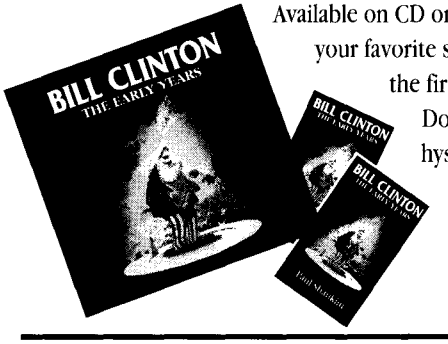

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FILM

Unusual Relationships

JOHN SIMON

I MAY have particular empathy for Mario Ruoppolo, the hero of Michael Radford's fetching and bittersweet ***The Postman*** (*Il postino*). Mario is a hapless fisherman's son on a small island off Naples, a fellow desperate for change. It comes when the celebrated Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, exiled for his leftist politics, settles on the island. So much mail arrives for Neruda from all over that an assistant mailman has to be hired to cycle with it up to the mountaintop villa the Nerudas are occupying. Mario, impressed by Neruda's reputation as a great lover first, and poet second, acquires a volume of his verse and requests a dedication. He gets an impersonal autograph, "Regards, Pablo Neruda," which leaves him dissatisfied.

I did better upon encountering Neruda at a PEN congress. Knowing my man, I delegated my girlfriend to solicit an inscription in a Neruda tome. Told my given name, he wrote, "Para John, mi amigo, Pablo Neruda," plus the place and date. But unlike Mario, who uses Neruda to win the girl he longs for, I did my own wooing, and lost her. Life can also be less strange than fiction.

The Postman, however, is strangely rib-tickling and heart-melting, strange even in what went on behind the scenes, which, in this case, is not irrelevant, and further irradiates an already lucent movie. Antonio Skármeta's novella, *Burning Patience*, which underlies the film, is interesting in quite a different way. What the movie has made of it—as written by its Neapolitan star, British director, and three additional Italians—is a story in which friendship and romance interact fugally and then form a double canon with poetry and politics. For delicacy and intricacy of texture, *The Postman* is hard to match.

When Mario starts bicycling up the hill with Neruda's mail, he is at first almost resentful that most of the letters are from women. The postmaster, as good a Communist as Neruda, assures Mario that they are really, as befits a popular poet, from people; it's just that in Chile even the women are involved in politics. Still, if poetry can make you such a great ladies' man, Mario (one of the very few locals who can read and write, albeit "not very fast") starts poring over Neruda's verse. What adds to his fascination is that Neruda and his wife address each other as *amor*, which proves to Mario that the man is a poet.

A lonely dreamer in a community of illiterate fishermen, Mario feels like a fish out of water. His taciturn father substitutes loud soup-slurping for conversation, except when he reproves his son for having no job. So Mario eagerly takes on the barely remunerated task (no one else but Neruda gets letters around there), and starts fishing for tips about life along with monetary tips from the poet. He learns, amazedly, about something called metaphors, which Neruda explains to him, demonstrating that Mario, too, can do them.

They become particularly significant to Mario when he spots a new waitress at the village café, the boss lady's niece and a beauty, Beatrice Russo by name. Bedazzled by her looks, Mario sleepwalks into a game of pinball soccer with her, which he loses as resoundingly as his heart. When he tells his poet friend about his love, he confesses to having managed only a measly five words with her. Asked which ones, he proffers "What's your name?" When Neruda animadverts that this is only three, it emerges that the other two were a stunned repetition of "Beatrice Russo."

Mario implores the poet to write him a poem for Beatrice, which Neruda declines. But he comes with him to the café and makes clear to Beatrice that he is Mario's friend. Gradually, Mario learns a lot from Neruda: about history (a chap named Dante, who also had a Beatrice), poetry (there is no explanation for such a puzzling line as "the smell of barbershops makes me sob out loud" other than the poem itself), love (you have to find your own amorous metaphors), and life (the whole world may be a metaphor—which is something Mario points out to the astounded poet). And because Cala di Sotto is an island and Neruda is also a poet of the sea, and because the sea and love are shown as kindred phenomena, the film's picturesque vistas and intimate love story become tightly interwoven.

Politics enters in several ways. One involves the island's water supply, imported once a month by ship. When the waterless Neruda answers Mario's query by protesting that he uses only as much water as he needs, Mario explains, "That is too much." Here lies a political parable. But there is also the Christian Democrat who comes to the island soliciting votes with promises of providing an autonomous water supply—a promise forgotten as soon as his party is elected. Which only drives Mario more staunchly to Neruda's Communist politics, albeit with dire consequences.

Still, it is with Neruda's metaphors, clandestinely appropriated, that Mario makes romantic inroads. When the poet gently chides him for plagiarism, Mario rises to the occasion with, "Poetry doesn't belong to those who write it, but those who need it." Like the Mario–Beatrice relationship, the Mario–Neruda one takes unexpected turns. So much depends on so little, such as the untutored Beatrice's responding to Mario's (borrowed) metaphors that shock her priest and scandalize her aunt. All this is told with a humor that, as special as the smell of barbershops, makes you cry out loud with joy.

Massimo Troisi, a beloved Neapolitan comedian, discovered Skármeta's novella and persuaded Michael Radford, who had earlier unsuccessfully solicited him for a British film, to come to Italy and direct this one. Making the venture yet more ecumenical is the great French actor Philippe Noiret as Neruda. The voice that dubbed him into Italian is less interesting than his own, but the scenarists' invention of an Italo-Hispanic lingo for Neruda will be savored by linguists. Everyone, however, will savor the earthy, irresistible loveliness of Maria Grazia Cucinotta, who plays Beatrice with the kind of allure that

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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waylays us only in Italy: a cross between ancient Mediterranean love-goddesshood and un-self-consciously sultry girlishness. It is enough to make you understand both Mario's passion and Neruda's poetry—even Dante's perhaps.

Noiret, who looks like Neruda, is perfect. He is not effusive, not the seigneurially patronizing, facilely benign poet. He is an internalizing actor, and you must read his face, like a poetic text, by inference. His performance is all in the details: a bit of fraternal body language in the shoulders, an ache of compassion in the eyes.

Troisi needed a heart transplant but preferred to finish the movie first, though he could stand up for only a few minutes at a time and played much of it seated; Mario's touchingly befuddled expressions are suffused with Troisi's pectoral pain. But don't go dreading maudlin self-pity; what you get is the charming bewilderment of a man initiated simultaneously into passion, poetry, and political action. Also into the letdowns of friendships. That the actor, aged 41, died soon after principal photography ended is merely a fact of life, no more—and no less—mysterious than Beatrice's smile and bosom, Neruda's comradeship and forgetfulness, or the sob-eliciting odor of barbershops.

■ Let me also commend to you ***Smoke***, one of the rare American films that can hold their own against European artworks such as *The Postman* and *Burnt by the Sun*. Written by Paul Auster (a poet, novelist, and translator) and directed by Wayne Wang (in whose blood China and the United States commingle), this movie proceeds at a slower pace and along less traveled paths than the customary Hollywood product. It, too, is about an unusual relationship between a writer and an innocent, in this case a bright black adolescent escaping from school in search of a runaway father, and a white writer (an idealized Paul Auster) who becomes his father surrogate. There is also the story of the Brooklyn cigar-store owner in whose shop much of the action is laid, and his experiences with a suddenly reappearing ex-wife and an old black woman to whom he is led by a curious chain of circumstances.

Additionally, there are the tales of the boy's delinquent father, who owns an unprosperous gas station and a troubled conscience, and of the crack-addicted young woman who may be the cigar-shop proprietor's daughter. This man, besides selling contraband Cuban cigars, has the strange habit of photographing the same intersection at the identical time day after day, and studying the infinitesimal differences. And there is also the tragically widowed white writer who comes to the smoke shop for cigarillos with which he tries to stimulate his blocked talent, and who may yet learn that, Kipling notwithstanding, a woman is more than a stogy.

These several stories jostle one another in *Smoke*, and although there are some loose ends, there is much racy dialogue, humane insight, and a sense of lived time, slowly but inexorably going up in smoke. There is also terrific performing, led by Harvey Keitel, who plays the tobacconist to the hilt—or, better yet, to the last drag of an aromatic cigar. This is a movie whose low-key veracity compels us by subtle infiltration—or perhaps inhalation, like nicotine. □

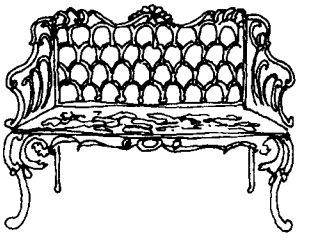
TELEVISION

That's Entertainment?

ROB LONG

AROUND 1975, Johnny Carson realized that his top-of-the-show monologues were getting longer, but the number of jokes was getting smaller. The problem, he discovered, was that each joke needed an explanation. He could no longer begin a joke by saying, for instance, "Tip O'Neill is going on a diet. . . ." Instead, for the punchline to work, he needed to deliver first a mini-lesson in civics: "You all know Tip O'Neill, the Speaker of the House of Representatives. He's a big guy. Well, apparently, Tip O'Neill is going on a diet. . . ."

Because brevity remains the soul of wit, and because an immutable law of comedy states that the longer it takes to get to the punchline, the funnier it has to be, Johnny Carson stopped doing political jokes and started doing something called "Stump the Band." And that, in its crystalline form, is the fate of political humor on television.



Woman of the House, a recently failed sit-com on CBS, produced by Linda Bloodworth-Thomason and Harry Thomason, those Friends of Bill, was the latest sit-com set in the world of politics. It followed the failures *Powers That Be*, *Mr. President*, and *Hearts Afire* in its setting (Washington, D.C.) and its fate (a one-way ticket to the boneyard). To be fair, *Woman of the House* had a few mighty weapons in its arsenal: the very funny Delta Burke, reprising her role from *Designing Women* as Suzanne Sugarbaker, a widow who has inherited (in a TV-land amendment to the Constitution) her late husband's seat in the House of Representatives; and the nimble Teri Garr, who played a boozy best friend with heavy-lidded charm.

Still, the fate of *Woman of the House* was sealed the moment Linda Bloodworth Thomason wrote the words: "FADE IN: INTERIOR—CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE BUILDING." Television shows, especially comedies, set in the political realm are long, long shots to grab the public's attention. Conventional wisdom has it that these shows seem too much like the news to be successful. Wrong: one-hour dramas (*NYPD Blue*, *Law and Order*, *Picket Fences*) succeed with storylines right out of the papers. The real problem is that the American people, in their good sense, don't find the process of politics funny in the least. The ups and downs of politics, the who's-in-who's-outs of it, are of interest to a handful of Americans: the media elite, policy junkies, and people like you and me. That adds up to—slicing very generously here—two million people. And two million people is

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about a 2 rating in a business in which a 10 rating is considered low. (Don't believe me? Watch *The McLaughlin Group* this weekend. How many advertisers? One: GE. Aimed at: not the media elite, not even you and me, but an even tinier group: congressional staffers, regulators, and lawyers.)

Movies have an easier time of it. In the recent film *Dave*—a *Forrest Gump* set in the White House—the climactic moment occurs as President Dave announces (conservatives, hold your breath) a huge federal jobs program. The music swoons, the camera pulls back in a sweeping crane shot. The End.

On television, of course, it's never "The End." It's "The End for This Week." Next week you start all over again. If the movie *Dave* were a sit-com, I suppose the second episode would begin with a re-cap, something like one character saying to another: "Hey, wasn't it great last week when we passed that jobs bill?" The TV version of *Dave* would last about three episodes.

Successful television shows are cast entirely in participial phrases: raising children, working in an office, striving for prosperity, being married. Successful feature films are all about conclusions: fall in love, win the battle, get the money, have the baby. And the participial phrase that covers a show set in the world of politics is "politicking," which not enough people want to see up close.

The last successful sit-com to mine overtly political veins was *All in the Family*, which for all its liberal silliness and (now) supremely dated storylines (The son-in-law carries a purse! Archie Bunker confronts the Jewish Defense League! The daughter goes to a feminist consciousness-raising group!) was essentially a show about being in a family, settling small differences, arguing things out. Conservatives, of course, loathed the show, and for good reason: Archie Bunker was the conservative voice of the show, and he was a bigoted clown. The liberal voice of the show, the son-in-law Mike—"Meathead"—was at best the voice of the progressive future, at worst a well-meaning liberal. But at least the problems were set in the home, within the family. The recent crop of politically tinged sit-coms are all set in some branch of the Federal Government, as if congressional offices and committee meeting rooms have somehow supplanted the family living room as the place where the nation works out its beliefs, its direction, its dreams. Lucky for us that the people will have no part of it. □

MANNERS

'Newt' and Other Friends

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

"Newt Gets Nasty" (*Newsweek*)
"Newt's Unruly Army" (*Time*)
"Newt's Budget Inferno" (*The New Republic*)
"Righter Than Newt" (*The Atlantic Monthly*)
"Newt's Ethics" (NATIONAL REVIEW)
"How Can They Lose in '96? With Newt as Speaker, for Starters" (*The Nation*)

NOW THAT ALL of America is on a first-name basis with the Speaker of the House of Representatives, it is as good a time as any to reconsider the practice of addressing and referring to total strangers, and people we know but not well, by their Christian names—a habit that lately has gotten completely out of control.

As short a time ago as the mid Seventies, when I was in elementary school, it never occurred to us kids to address our parents' friends, much less our parents, as Helene, Alan, or Dick. Twenty years later, visiting a youngish married couple and their little girls, aged 3 and 5, I found myself being referred to by my last name. "Rachel," the father would say to the 5-year-old, "please pass Mr. Klinghoffer the potatoes." I wondered why this made me feel distinctly uneasy, and realized that it's because it has become so rare to hear yourself addressed formally.

Certainly that's true at home, but also in business settings. At work, I frequently receive phone calls from publicists or would-be writers who, though we've never spoken before, feel free to start off the conversation with a hearty, "Hi, David, how you doin'?" Or worse, "Hey, Dave, it's Bobby at XYZ Public Relations." For someone with a first name capable of being diminutivized, there is nothing more annoying than to have a complete stranger address you by that diminutive. Salesmen, calling me at home, regularly take this liberty: "Dave, this is Pete at MCI, do you have a minute or should I call back later?"

The use of first names in conversation with strangers has become a good deal more common than it was a decade ago, when one began hearing complaints about it. What has gone unremarked is the increasingly common—and equally irritating—use of first names in referring to strangers, especially celebrities, with whom you or your audience will never so much as exchange a word.

No doubt the practice took root in Hollywood, where every cash-register attendant at Starbuck's will talk unabashedly about how he's going to get Michael (Ovitz) to represent this screenplay he's been working on, which is the perfect vehicle for Jack (Nicholson) and Whoopi (Goldberg). The custom then migrated east, so that it has now overtaken discussions of politics in New York and Washington, and elsewhere for all I know.

Newt Gingrich is by no means the first politician to discover he's got a lot more intimate friends (and enemies) than he had previously realized. It was with a certain degree of irony that people began referring to President and Mrs. Reagan as "Ron and Nancy." With a little less irony, talk turned in 1988 to "George and Barbara" and in 1992 to "Bill and Hillary," with still less.

When we ask why people talk this way, it becomes obvious why they shouldn't.

The uncontrolled use of first names shares a certain moral perspective with, of all things, the animal-rights movement. When you say that animals

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should have the same rights that people do, you blur a distinction that was absolutely clear to previous generations: the distinction between animals and people. The animal-rights crowd seeks to set men on a moral level with their pets; and, as Rabbi Daniel Lapin points out, the attraction of doing that is obvious. If we are animals, then no more can be expected of us morally than you would expect of your Chihuahua. While the protectors of animals seek to "liberate" monkeys and dolphins, at a deeper level they want to liberate people—from the burdensome moral responsibilities that come with being human.

What's that got to do with addressing people by their Christian names? The answer is that the proper use of family names was once a custom that preserved two other distinctions that were blatantly obvious to our grandparents. One is the difference between social classes. A wealthy man might feel comfortable addressing his servants as "John" and "Mary," but they wouldn't dream of calling him "Robert."

More important is the difference between adults and children. Up till about thirty years ago, the only group of people in America who without exception addressed each other familiarly was children. Everyone else at least began an acquaintance on a formal basis.

Children were, and of course still are, introduced to each other as "Johnny" and "Betty." Just as the philosophy of animal rights puts humans on a level with cats, the trend toward first-names-only puts adults on a level with kindergarteners.

What follows from this should be obvious. Both animal rights and ultra-familiarity are emanations of liberalism, an ideology that, since the 1960s, has had as one of its principal goals the liberation of men and women from traditional ideas about how an adult human being should behave. But how to achieve that end?

One option is to openly attack the whole notion of traditional morality. That strategy has been tried since the 1960s, with some success. The other, more indirect options are to undermine the belief in humanity as a class distinct from animals, and to undermine the belief in adults as a class distinct from children. If you do that—convince people that those of us over the age of, say, 15 are special neither as adults nor as humans—then there really will be no standards to which we can be held. Now *that's* liberation, for better or worse.

We've seen the effects of the overt attack on traditional morality, embodied in the image of illegitimate welfare babies born addicted to heroin. Now we are seeing a more covert assault. In fact the vast majority of the people participating in that assault—the guy on the phone from MCI, the cash-register attendant at Starbuck's—don't even know they're involved. Probably Newt Gingrich doesn't mind being referred to as "Newt."

As for me, I'm going to punch the next person who calls me "Dave." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

John Courtney Murray and the Dilemma of Religious Toleration, by Keith J. Pavlischek (Thomas Jefferson University Press, 161 pp., $58.50 hardcover, $22.50 softcover)

ACCORDING to the author, a *dilemma* of religious toleration has arisen, because we no longer share rational grounds on which to agree on the common good for human life. Thus we have turned from the Moral Esperanto (Jeffrey Stout) of universal moral principles to *modus vivendi*, an approach based upon political neutrality in regard to religious belief and practice. But this attempt to accommodate diverse moral interests and find points of possible convergence of support for religious institutions has been found problematic. Pavlischek, a Presbyterian scholar, finds an unresolved tension between these approaches to religious toleration at the heart of John Courtney Murray's work, which accounts for his appeal to both progressive and neo-conservative Catholics. He places Murray's thinking in dialogue with a variety of Catholic, Protestant, and secular theorists, including MacIntyre, Hauerwas, and Rawls. His two conclusions, that Murray's position is basically ambiguous and the issue basically insoluble, will not satisfy everyone, but will provide an important tool for further reflection.

—DEAL W. HUDSON

That's in the Bible? The Ultimate Learn-as-You-Play Bible Quiz Book, by Wick Allison (Dell, 230 pp., $10.95)

THERE IS something profane about Bible quiz questions when they appear in games such as Trivial Pursuit, where the object is to be the first to get all the stupid plastic triangles into a circle and then flaunt your "intelligence" before your friends. This book is instead designed to be a pleasant and somewhat humbling spiritual exercise, challenging your knowledge of the more important aspects of Holy Writ (no "begats" here). Delivered unto you as well are all sorts of fascinating sidebar information about salvation history, sure to enhance your appreciation of Sacred Scripture. There is even evidence that the Lord is a supply-sider (see Genesis). One would expect no less from a former publisher of *NR*. This book is a finely crafted source of information and wholesome pleasure. But you might want to pick up a Bible first.

—MATTHEW CAROLAN

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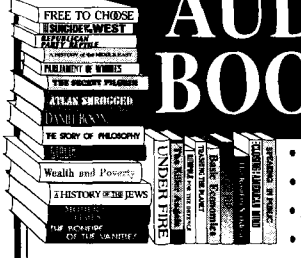

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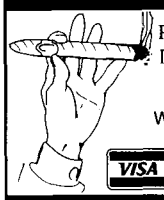

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What Did You Know? When?

NEW YORK, JUNE 23

A student at Swarthmore College sends around a notice from the college bulletin board. It serves as a stake in the heart of memory, reminding us that the philosopher was right when he said that just as there are no permanent defeats, so there are no permanent victories. The student notice reminded us that it was time to reread the galvanizing essay by Professor Eugene D. Genovese, published last summer in the socialist quarterly, *Dissent*.

He called the essay, "The Question." It was the same question that Senator Howard Baker had hauntingly enunciated about Richard Nixon: "What did he know, and when did he know it?"

Professor Genovese was very early on a Communist. At age 15, he tells us. He remained so conspicuously pro-Communist that candidate Richard Nixon in 1968 publicly demanded of the state of New Jersey that he be expelled from the state university system.

Mr. Genovese would not now deny any charge leveled against him by Nixon, even while rejecting Nixon's recommendation. Genovese did indeed follow the Communist Party line. He did indeed excuse the massive killings undertaken by Stalin, his predecessors, and his successors. He excused the Soviet foreign-policy line. . . . And then, one day, it stopped. He read widely, of course; he always did and does; but one day he stumbled on Roy Medvedev's charge that the Soviet Union had executed more human beings than the Nazi and Fascist regimes combined. Mr. Genovese concedes that he thought the brave Medvedev had probably taken to drink, and so, however clumsy his own arithmetic, he undertook a personally researched calculation.

He learned that it was true, yes. But what most deeply upset him, and moves us, is his acknowledgment that he really did know it before he launched his systematic inquiry. When did he know it? How much of it did he know? That is what Genovese calls The Question. Because he wishes to confront something other than ignorance. He is telling us that he had every reason to suspect that all the talk about torture and death under socialism was true; but that he could not command the moral courage to face the problem when he had every empirical reason to do so, and what he now asks the socialist fraternity to do is to ask the same question, and to make the going tough for themselves by acknowledging that what was wrong with Communism wasn't aberrant leadership, it was Communism. There is no such thing as democratic socialism. To the extent it is democratic, it is less than socialist. Socialism attempts to refigure the human soul and brain, and ends by disfiguring it. And all the norms so carefully accumulated over centuries pointing to right conduct are lost, most decisively with the abandonment of religion—in the United States, "bolstered by the monstrous lie that the constitutional separation of church and state was meant to separate religion from society."

Professor Genovese is 64 years old, and he has learned pari passu with the passage of time in the bloodiest century in history. Is this learning to be compared with "learning" that the earth is round, not flat? No, because the physical features of the earth are not deniable. But it is different in the social sciences. Everything is deniable, or ignorable. The note on the Swarthmore bulletin board reads, "A group of students interested in rafting to Cuba is emerging at Swarthmore and other colleges and universities around the country. We have these goals: 1. To successfully navigate the 90 mile stretch from Miami to Cuba. 2. Volunteer to work for the summer wherever the Revolution needs us. 3. Gain a better understanding of Socialist Cuba (particularly community participation). 4. Return to the United States with the hopes of re-educating our fellow students and people around the country. If anyone is interested, please call . . ."

Could it be a hoax? Oh no, my correspondent writes me. Not at Swarthmore.

Professor Genovese begs the historical and moral fraternity of scholars to ask themselves in public direct questions about their behavior over the years. "Am I wrong in believing that unless the Left reopens these fundamental questions it will have no future and deserve none? . . . No matter how many pyrrhic victories it piles up on deranged and degraded college campuses?" The only reason to raft to Cuba is to give succor to the multitudes who raft from Cuba because they have learned about socialism under socialism. □

"If we cut taxes, we'll have to lower the quality of government, and frankly, I don't think that's possible."

Was Ames A Mortal Blow?

NEW YORK, JULY 4

A legislator who is critically important on such questions as who gets U.S. funding managed a very brief exchange at an affair too noisy to permit fine conversational calibrations. He asked, "Do you think the CIA can be saved?" I murmured that I hoped so. He shook his head mournfully. "I don't think so, not after Ames."

The reference was to Aldrich Ames. Four books about his treachery were reviewed over the weekend in the *New York Times* and most of what was said was vaguely familiar, including that ten Russians were martyred at his dirty hands. Less prominent in the memory was the extraordinary behavior of CIA security. Ames disguised himself about as subtly as King Kong, but it seemed that there was nothing he could do blatant enough to attract the attention of the agency whose mission it is to protect the security of the United States and protect the friends of freedom who risk their lives by joining the resistance movement. During those days, 1985–91, Mr. Ames feared one thing. Not the CIA or the FBI or the OMB. He feared that friends of the men he was betraying, month after month, would notice the gory disappearance of a member of the resistance and advise Washington that obviously there had been a betrayal. One or two such signals did get through, but it occurred to nobody in charge at the CIA to rope in the alcoholic traitor even though he had become so carefree in his habit that he removed from Langley not discreet copies, but the original documents identifying our hidden friends in the Soviet Union.

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One recalls the trauma in Great Britain when they caught on to Kim Philby, the traitor who gleefully consigned to death any number of British patriots. Eventually Philby wrote his memoirs, and the reviewer for the *Daily Telegraph* was Lord Birkenhead, gone to the House of Lords after a legendary record as a trial lawyer. Birkenhead wrote: "We shall never know how many agents were killed or tortured as a result of Philby's work as a double agent. He is now safe in Russia, and we must, alas, abandon any wistful dream of seeing this little carrion gibbeted." Well, Ames isn't in Russia, but we don't hang our traitors.

Nor, the authors of the Ames books advise us, do we do very much about those who made possible the extravagant treason of Ames. The question seriously arises whether the Agency itself can be rescued.

The view is widely held that James Jesus Angleton was the dominant figure in the collapse of CIA security. This is ironic, because Angleton is associated with the sternest of views on security. He was an intellectual, a poet, a gourmet, an aesthete, and a very tough hombre. He had been a close friend of Kim Philby, and when he learned that Philby was a traitor, it affected his powers of reasoning. He became so suspicious, he thought almost every approach by a Russian official was a venture in double agentry. He approached me, on one occasion, requesting support for the publication of a book whose thesis was that the break between Moscow and Peking was a phony, concocted to conceal the ongoing Communist monolith. When he came to my house, the Russian author he desired me to meet, who came in a separate car, was given instructions on an order of exactitude I'd have been embarrassed to write into any of my spy novels.

But whatever the causes of disrepair, one hopes that Congress will not go so far as to drop the CIA. Reforms are presumably needed, and were attempted by the Church Committee in 1975, but these were largely miscast, requiring a degree of intimacy between the Executive and the Legislative that is unrealistic.

But the point is that continued intelligence is critical. Whether Mr. Deutsch, the new director of the CIA, can get the job done isn't known, though his credentials are good; and it is true that a job worth doing is worth doing even badly.

Thanks to Mr. Ames, it may be another generation before a freedom-loving North Korean, Chinese, Iraqi, Iranian, or Libyan takes the risk of sending secrets for the benefit of the United States. But making the effort to penetrate to the secret designs and resources of such countries would appear to be a strategy more important, even, than an auto-da-fe over our mishandling of the traitor Ames. □

Thou Shalt Not . . . What?

NEW YORK, JULY 7

Hugh Grant is having a hard time ("Within hours, the press the world over was trumpeting the news" of his arrest by the LAPD—*People*) and it is not a bit easy to synchronize all the perspectives.

We learn (once again, *People*) that the world is "shocked" by what happened.

What world? Well, the same world that fawns on Mr. Grant, who is a splendid talent with the most expressive face since Joe E. Brown. How did that world come to idolize him? It happened after his movie *Four Weddings and a Funeral*. A fun movie with a zany plot, but relevant here is that Hughie (that's what they call him at home) pokes several of the brides and bridesmaids, until he engages, permanently we are given to suppose, his one true love. So that it was as a charming satyr that his fans knew him, and in a sense he is now typed as such because in his *next* movie he worries a bit because he got his girlfriend pregnant.

Oh yes, then there's his real-life girlfriend, Elizabeth Hurley, whom he has *not* made pregnant, though they've lived together for eight years and she is quoted as saying that she can't imagine reaching the age of forty without having a child. Yesterday's paper reports that Elizabeth is so mad at Hughie that she is leaving him, but today's paper reassures us that they are patching it up. This against the counsel of some of her mentors, for instance Eileen Ford, the grande dame of the model world, who opines that "If he were my boyfriend I would go out and get another man."

That would not be a problem for Elizabeth, and certainly not for Hughie. The whole female world, one gathers, is prepared to throw herself at his feet, though, we have learned, some of these don't come for nothing. A recent market test came in at $80 for a quickie in the car. The ladies love him, and he loves the ladies. His witty quips on the subject are widely quoted, as in, "I've always had a crush on cheerleaders. Catholic cheerleaders—my double favorite."

We come now to that Monday night when he was cruising home after dinner in his white BMW. So he saw the lady and eased over and made his advances. We will know very soon exactly what the verbal exchange was, because *The Sun* in London has offered $150,000 for an exclusive interview with the lady of the night, Divine Marie Brown.

In any event, soon after the negotiations were concluded, the principals were, in the British phrase, having at it in the car, and along came the fuzz, presumably on a peaceful night in Los Angeles, else they'd have been picking up corpses, not Johns. But Hughie was arrested and, if found guilty, is exposed to six months in jail and a fine of $1,000. That is serious stuff, and he has hired the same lawyer who handled the little problem of Michael Jackson. The cash exposure is of course piffle compared to the legal cost of the defense, Los Angeles being the place where the Menendez brothers and O. J. Simpson establish the proper gait of justice.

But then what will Hughie plead? He has already apologized, most abjectly and convincingly. Granted, it isn't absolutely obvious what he is apologizing for. Oh sure, he's apologizing for getting caught with a prostitute. Is he also apologizing for patronizing a prostitute? One observer remarked that if only Hugh had been willing to go the asking price, they could have repaired to a hotel room and had at it in absolute safety.

That too brings up a point. Why were the LAPD so red-hot to interrupt this free-market exchange, done in the seclusion of a tree-shrouded street? If the idea is to discourage "that sort of thing," wouldn't a more productive approach be to move in on the advertised ladies who will come to your home or hotel?

No—and we are approaching here the truly relevant insight. You must not engage in "lewd conduct," so to speak, in public. In a car. Never mind that at that hour of the morning very few cars cruise by, and the chances are slight that passers-by will actually view the lewd act. No, the police are saying—at one stage removed from what the Whole World is saying—"Don't do it on the street with a hooker, but anywhere else is not only okay, its A-okay." For instance in the movies, the more frequent the better.

Hughie made his reputation, remember, while doing that kind of thing all over the place in *Four Weddings*. And the Whole World has zero objection to his having done that kind of thing with Elizabeth over a period of eight years, how often we don't know because *The Sun* hasn't gotten her to talk.

So we summarize: Fornication is okay at home, in a hotel, in front of a movie camera, but not in a car, certainly not in a car in Los Angeles. For the moral taxonomy of all of this, see the next edition of the catechism. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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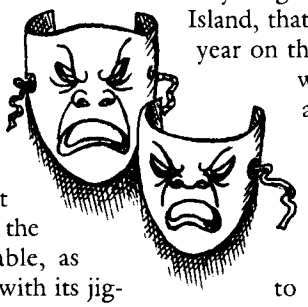
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

AMERICA'S latest excess, far worse even than compulsive hugging, can now be identified. We have entered the Whatnot Stand mode.

A whatnot stand, for those of you who are younger and/or better born than I, was a triangular shelf hung eye-high in the corner of humble parlors up until about the end of the 1940s. On it stood glass figurines, made-in-Japan miniature saucers, plaster statuettes of prone babies with bare bottoms peeking from open pajama flaps, rosebuds made from glued sawdust, never-used souvenir ashtrays, a Mexican-sombrero pin cushion, and a no-evil monkey trio that glowed in the dark.

Hanging from the whatnot stand were made-in-Japan miniature paper fans, and stuffed behind it were brittle sheaves of Palm Sunday palm, enough to build a hut, brown with age and covered with dust—naturally, for how can you dust cracked palm? Everything on the whatnot stand was undustable, as was the whatnot stand itself with its jigsaw-cut scalloped edges and knobby trim.



The thing defied control, and so much the better, for its owner liked it that way. The whatnot stand was her monument to chaos-as-sentiment, tangible proof of her subconscious belief that to be overwhelmed is to be alive. Order of any kind would have made her feel emotionally truncated, which is why she enjoyed wrecks and fires and her sister's insanity, and why she never threw anything out.

The most egregious manifestations of America's Whatnot Stand mode are the ad hoc memorials that deface the sites of tragedies and disasters. The prize for hysterical excess surely belongs to the maudlin detritus currently piling up at the John D. Long Lake in Union, S.C., where Susan Smith drowned her two sons. It has gotten so bad that the police have had to create a roped-off section with a sign instructing, "Please place all memorials in this area." It contains, writes David Finkel in the *Washington Post Magazine*:

> a large color photograph of the two boys. There are hundreds of flowers, some fresh, most fake, some dead. There are homemade crosses, and deflated balloons, and a Bart Simpson doll, and an old toy police car, and a giant stuffed clown, and two faded Christmas angels, and rotting Easter candy, and a scratched-up *Beauty and the Beast* glass containing $14.36, and a broken toy helicopter, and smeared notes, and, under a dirty American flag, a toothbrush.

Other examples are the AIDS quilt, only slightly smaller than Rhode Island, that gay activists unfold every year on the Mall; whole streets and walls turned over to chalk artists; computers with slews of pre-loaded junky software; and those personal-design bank checks advertised in the Sunday papers. Geared to hobbies and professions, they are so cluttered with pictures of fish, golf paraphernalia, and firemen in full battle dress that there is hardly any room to write (the one for barbers has a black comb across "pay to the order of").

But it's not only the masses who play at whatnots; the classes are doing it, too. PBS's *Three Tenors* are two tenors too many, and Judge Ito's hourglass-strewn desk looks like a made-in-Japan old curiosity shop (what's he doing up there, cooking rice?). These pale, however, beside the antics of Maryland's certifiably gimcracked governor, Parris Glendening, who inserted a love song to his wife in the middle of his inaugural address.

The Whatnot syndrome sounds like the tastelessness that invariably overtakes a democracy. It's that, but also something more. Its deeper significance was inadvertently expressed by Robert Fulghum, the national periwinkle who wrote *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten*. Deploring the emotional paucity of people who don't have notes all over their refrigerators, he advised: "Get your stuff up there. Disorder is love."

We need to counteract this mindset, but the best friend American rationalism ever had now seems to be in extremis from its own folly.

Baseball is predicated on Occam's Razor, the philosophical principle that states, "Hypotheses must not be developed beyond necessity"—i.e., don't gild the lily, quit while you're ahead, enough is enough. If the home team is leading 1–0 and the visiting team does not score in the top of the ninth, the game ends then and there. They don't play the bottom of the inning because the home team, having already won, could only win by more.

The guys in the bleachers don't know Occam's Razor from Gillette's, yet if a baseball novice remarks that the bottom of the ninth was not played, they will shrug and say with a pleased grin, "'Course not." Their pleasure comes from a deep certainty, never articulated but always there, that baseball's spartan restraint and pristine logic help life to make sense—what erudite baseball fans such as George Will and Jonathan Yardley call "symmetry" in their April and October columns.

But baseball has lost face since the players' strike. It's being edged out by a game that recalls George Eliot's phrase, "much of a muchness," an ideal game for Whatnot America because the ball is two different colors and you can go berserk afterwards: soccer.

Conservatives are supposed to be patriotic, but I find myself increasingly repelled by America. A few years ago I reviewed a novel about a man in the throes of a nervous breakdown who makes a motel reservation for the purpose of committing suicide in the room. The moment he walks into the lobby, flashbulbs go off, a camera crew rushes him, a band strikes up "Lucky Me," and a bevy of cocktail waitresses in Greek chitons pelt him with flowers. Turns out he's the One Millionth guest, fated to be feted all weekend, or as the Official Greeter puts it: "You won't have to be alone for one second!"

Reader-identification works in unprofessional ways, its wonders to perform. Except for this scene, the novel wasn't very good, but I gave it a rave anyhow. □

St. Martin's has just published The Florence King Reader, *an anthology.*

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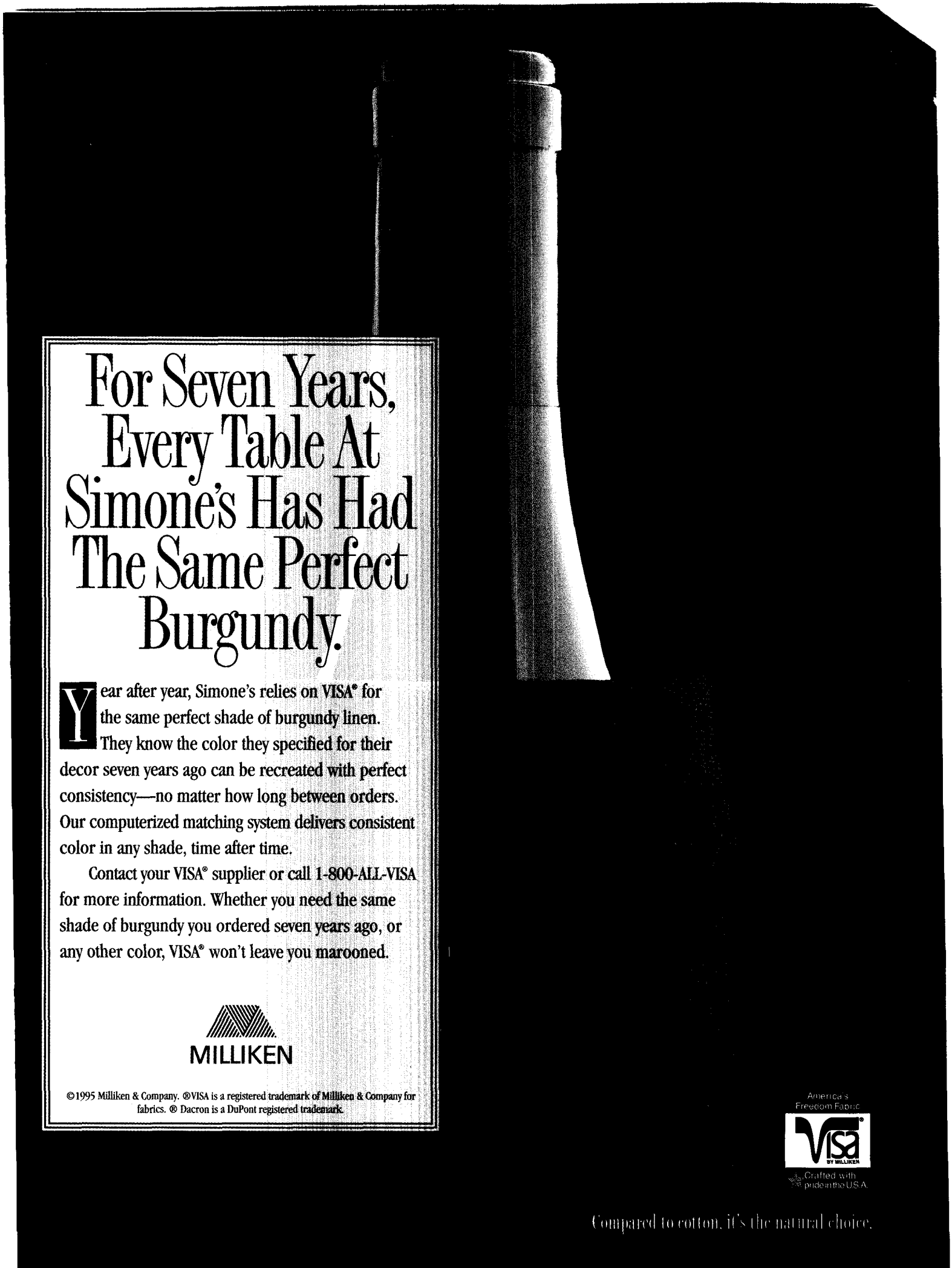

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